The Outlook

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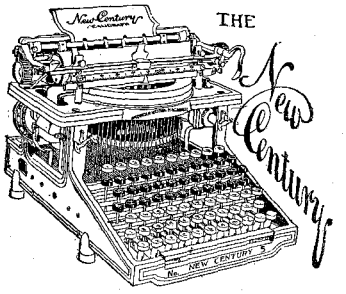

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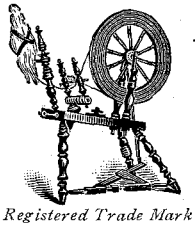
Annual  Sale

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The Outlook

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The Boer War: The Boer Country

"You will have to build a wall around us before you can conquer us," said President Kruger to a British Agent recently. This remark had special reference to the Portuguese frontier—the Transvaal's back door, as far as the reception of recruits and military stores are concerned. It is an open door because it is neutral. Last week, owing to the changed fortunes of war, there was a revival of the probably correct rumor that the secret Anglo-German agreement means the ultimate absorption by England of the Portuguese territory south of the Zambesi, and by Germany of all Portuguese territory to the north of that river, together with the gain of a free hand in Asia Minor. Attention is called to the Transvaal's internal affairs by the promulgation of a new law by which individuals and companies working their own gold-mines are taxed thirty per cent. of the output, while mines worked by the Government will pay fifty per cent.; suspended mines will pay thirty per cent. on their probable output, calculated on three months' workings. The law is retroactive to October 11. Last week, near Zeerust, in the South African Republic, there occurred the first engagement during the present war within the boundaries of the Transvaal State. It was not between Boers and British, but between Boers and Kafirs. It is claimed that the latter were the aggressors. After heavy fighting the Boers captured the Kafir position. The Kafirs in the neighborhood of Mafeking have always been hostile to the Boers, and, since 1885, when the British delivered them from Boer oppression, friendly to Great Britain. It is probable that this section of the Kafirs have determined to take the opportunity for revenge offered by the British-Boer war. Describing the situation of the British prisoners at Pretoria, Mr. Winston Churchill, who has now arrived in Natal, says that there is no cause for any anxiety concerning them, that the Boers are certainly not a bloodthirsty people, and that they are desirous of deserving the respect of European nations by correct observances of the usages of war. The only misbehavior, he adds, is on the part of Irish renegades, "whose cowardice and brutality excite the disgust of the real burghers." He informs us that the British officers at Pretoria are guarded by police, armed with rifles and revolvers. The prisoners have exercise in a daily game of rounders. "They are allowed to become members of the State Library, where there are many good books. The Boer Government allows them a daily ration of beef and groceries, but anything may be bought from the local tradesmen." As Great Britain does not pay her officers while they are prisoners many of them are poorly off pecuniarily.

❀

The British Country

It is only now known that a fortnight ago the Boers captured Kuruman in British Bechuanaland, about a hundred and twenty-five miles north of Kimberley. Kuruman is the last considerable place in Bechuanaland where British authority is still represented. At both Magersfontein and Colenso, scenes of recent battles, the Boers have constructed many bomb-proof trenches. At the first-named place they extend for twenty miles due north of the present British camp, and at the second they extend on both sides of the Tugela; wire trenches have also been laid in the bed of that river. Tramway lines have been put down, and heavy guns may now be shifted with rapidity. The main positions are connected with the outlying positions by underground passages. As the Boers announce that the railway

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from Pretoria is now in running order as far south as Colenso, it is understood that they have built a line partially encircling Ladysmith. The death-list from that beleaguered place shows that dysentery and typhoid are now more effective than have been the Boer guns in reducing the garrison's strength. Nevertheless, General White sends heliograph messages to General Buller that the town can easily hold out for another six weeks. General Buller is receiving reinforcements and fresh batteries. He is supposed to have thirty thousand men, as opposed to twenty thousand in the Boer forces at and near Ladysmith. The most serious event of the week was the outbreak of glanders among the horses in both the British and the Boer camps, a disease likely to spread more rapidly among the hardly acclimated British animals than among the hardier Boer ponies. Several hundred British horses have already been shot. By reason of the advent of this horse sickness renewed attention is given to the lack of road-wagons. It is understood that the British Government has now applied to American wagon-factories. In Cape Colony General Gatacre has succeeded in occupying Dordrecht, an important railway junction. As Dordrecht is the depot for coal from the neighboring mines, General Gatacre should thus now be able to keep up the necessary supply. The most important British success has been the reoccupation of Colesberg by General French. The attack began on Sunday night of this week; the Boer position, which extended for six miles, was shelled by the British artillery at daybreak with great accuracy and effectiveness. The British loss is reported as small, that of the Boers as large. To some extent this victory is a turning of the Boers' right (west) flank in the general position. An interesting feature of the week's news was the patriotic offer of service in the British army from Indian princes. The Maharajah of Gwalior has asked permission to serve on General Roberts's staff, and has offered to send troops, horses, and a transport to South Africa. The Nizam of Hyderabad, replying to a toast proposed by Lord Curzon, the Viceroy, at a banquet in Calcutta, said that the proudest title he possessed was that of being the Queen's faithful ally.

Is Food Contraband? The British Consul at New Orleans says that during the past few weeks three million bushels of corn have been shipped from that port to Rotterdam for reshipment to Lourenço Marques, the gateway to the Transvaal. There have also been such significant increases in the shipments of flour as to lead to the suspicion that the Boers are being fed on American wheat, and their mules on American corn. On the ground that the cargoes were intended for the Boers, the British authorities at Cape Colony ports have now seized three cargoes of flour belonging to American shippers and bound from Philadelphia for Lourenço Marques in Portuguese Africa—that is, from one neutral port to another. The route to the Transvaal through Lourenço Marques is the only easy way thither not controlled by the British. Two of the seized vessels were British and one Dutch. The seizures differ from those in our Spanish war, in that the vessels taken by our ships were known to be bound for the enemy's blockaded ports with supplies. As a matter of fact, however, Great Britain had abundant cause to suspect that the flour was really consigned to Boer merchants in Johannesburg. If food is contraband of war, then the seizure was internationally legal. Food may be considered contraband when it gives "aid and comfort" to an enemy by being part of their sustenance. In the war between the French and the Chinese, however, when rice was declared contraband, England protested. Her position then would hardly justify the present seizure. Whatever the legality of the case, as a matter of policy the seizure was, to say the least, unfortunate. Even that typical example of self-sufficiency, the London "Morning Post," argues that "the Government would be mad to treat food as contraband." While no one doubts that the British Government will make characteristically generous amends, the repetition of such seizures might tend to alienate the present American sympathy for Great Britain, of which that Power was never so much in need as it now is. Again, the establishment of such a precedent might one day do more harm to England than it could do to any other nation, for of all nations she is the most dependent on foreign markets for her food supply. It would seem incredible

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that she could thus play into the hands of any of her future enemies. If food is not contraband—and it ought not to be—the questions arise: (1) Has Great Britain any right to seize vessels flying her own flag and the neutral cargo of such vessels bound for a neutral port? (2) Has Great Britain the right to seize a neutral vessel with a neutral cargo bound for a neutral port, on the suspicion that the cargo is ultimately destined for a people with whom the British are at war?

❀

Reform in Cuba Almost the first thing done by General Leonard Wood after taking supreme command in Cuba was to institute an investigation into the state of Cuban prisons. He found that the sanitary conditions were bad, that prisoners slept on the bare floors, that even among American prisoners the average period of detention without trial was five months, and that Cubans whom General Ludlow ordered released are still held, after three or four years' waiting without trial. On the subject of Cuban prison abuses Mr. Charlton T. Lewis, of the New York Prison Association, has just made a report founded on personal inspection. He finds these abuses flagrant—the herding of boys in idleness with hardened prisoners; lack of beds, blankets, and clothing for prisoners; filth and vermin everywhere. In the Havana Carcel, which Mr. Lewis characterizes as "worse than the Newgate of John Howard," he found on December 2 last twenty-two American citizens, some of whom had been there for over five months vainly begging a hearing. The entire system of the lower criminal courts he believes to have been corrupt, with the results still continuing, as in the case of men sentenced to forty years' imprisonment for insolence to officials. General Wood has already made thorough reforms in the Santiago prison system, and no doubt he will now remedy the abuses in Havana and throughout Cuba. If half that Mr. Lewis charges can be substantiated, it is almost incredible that such abominable cruelty and injustice should have been allowed to continue even a year under American administration. General Wood's general plan of reorganization and reconstruction, so far as it is known, is well received by the Cuban people. The new Governor-General has already made friends and has inspired confidence in his capacity and good will. Mr. Rubens, formerly counsel for the Cuban Junta, has just returned to Washington from a Cuban trip. In an interview he said:

> No country on earth is more at peace than Cuba is. The veterans of the revolution and all elements, even those supposed to be most at unrest, are deeply gratified by the programme announced by General Wood—the reform of the courts so as to give speedy trials, the clearing of the prisons of those who have been languishing under the slow procedure, the establishment of a system of free public schools, and the construction of roads, all with a view to local necessities.
>
> So long as there was any doubt as to the purpose of the United States, the revolutionary element stood aloof and expectant. Now, however, they feel that they must constitute the conservative party in Cuba—that is, the party which supports the political programme of the President. The day is rapidly approaching when all the elements of Cuba, even those who are opposed to the revolution, will be called upon to aid in the political reconstruction of the island and to form a government in which all the inhabitants of Cuba may take part. They expect that this new government will be established as soon as possible, but they do not insist upon unreasonable haste.

❀

The Philippines There was little new of importance last week about the campaign in the Philippines. The most notable event was the capture of a mountain stronghold beyond Montalban. This place is some distance northeast of San Mateo, where General Lawton met his death, and was defended by the troops which opposed General Lawton at San Mateo. The stronghold was captured after a sharp fight, in which, as usual, the insurgents suffered severely and our forces hardly at all. The place had been supposed by the insurgents to be impregnable, and in it were found a large quantity of powder, ammunition, and food supplies. General Otis reports that the natives who had evacuated the coast towns lying north from Dagupan to Vigan are returning from the mountains and are intimidating the natives and Chinamen of those villages who showed friendship for the Americans. Several important ports of Luzon—Dagupan, Vigan, San Fernando, Laoag, and Aparri—are thrown open to commerce with the beginning of the year, and General Bates has instructions to open the ports in Mindanao and Zamboanga. The

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opening of these ports will allow the export of hemp, the most important product of the island, which has for the past year been greatly hindered. On New Year's Day began the projected movement against the insurgents in Cavite Province. After a fight in which our troops had two killed and several wounded they occupied Cabuzac on the south side of Laguna de Bay.

❀

General Lawton's Letter

The letter read by Mr. John Barrett at the New England Dinner, received by him from General Lawton a month before the latter's death, constitutes an eloquent and effective testimony confirming what has before been said by the Philippine Commissioners, and will and ought to serve as a warning to those who, following feeling rather than judgment, have by their public counsels prolonged the war in the Archipelago which they wished to see brought to a speedy end. This letter needs no comment; it is its own best interpreter:

I would to God that the truth of this whole Philippine situation could be known by every one in America as I know it. If the real history, inspiration, and conditions of this insurrection, and the influences, local and external, that now encourage the enemy, as well as the actual possibilities of these islands and peoples and their relations to this great East, could be understood at home, we would hear no more talk of unjust "shooting of government" into the Filipinos, or of hauling down our flag in the Philippines. If the so-called anti-imperialists would honestly ascertain the truth on the ground and not in distant America, they, whom I believe to be honest men misinformed, would be convinced of the error of their statements and conclusions and of the unfortunate effect of their publications here. If I am shot by a Filipino bullet, it might as well come from one of my own men, because I know from observations confirmed by captured prisoners that the continuance of fighting is chiefly due to reports that are sent out from America.

❀

Corrupt Practices in Montana

The charge which has been brought against United States Senator Clark, of Montana, that his election was secured by bribery, has been virtually sustained by the Supreme Court of his Commonwealth. Senator Clark's personal relations with the bribing of legislators have not been established, but his alleged agent, John B. Wellcome, has been adjudged guilty of paying bribes in Mr. Clark's behalf, and has been disbarred because of his guilt. Some of the facts upon which the unanimous decision of the Supreme Court rested were as follows: First, that two State Senators, according to their own sworn statements, received ten thousand dollars each from Wellcome to vote for United States Senator Clark. Second, that, in order to expose the bribery, one of these State Senators became a sub-agent in the purchase of Clark votes, and while thus acting received another ten thousand dollars from Wellcome, which was paid to a third State Senator. The thirty thousand dollars given to these three Senators was handed over to the legislative investigating committee. Third, the testimony of these three Senators, in the view of the Court, is further supported by the fact that still other Senators, at first opposed to Senator Clark—some of them party opponents—finally gave him their votes without apparent cause. The accused attorney was present throughout the hearing, but at the time appointed for him to answer the charges he did not appear in person. Therefore, says the Court, "the charges themselves are not challenged by any direct denial by him." It is not probable that Senator Clark's direct connection with the bribery can be proved, but each house of Congress is given by the Constitution the power to judge of the election of its own members, and the House of Representatives has repeatedly unseated members because their election was secured through bribery or fraud. It has never been essential to prove that the members themselves participated in these corrupt tactics. If it is shown that Senator Clark's election was secured by bribery, he certainly should be unseated. Indeed, both houses of Congress ought definitely to adopt the principle by which English democracy has curbed the power of the rich to obtain office through the corrupt use of money. By the Corrupt Practices Act, a candidate elected by bribery may be unseated, whether or not the bribed votes were essential to his majority. "If a corrupt practice has been permitted with the consent of the candidate, he is forever disqualified from holding office. . . . If such corrupt practice is found to have occurred by the act of the agent, with or without the candidate's knowledge and consent, the candidate himself is dis-

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qualified from serving during the time for which he is elected, and can neither hold office nor act as elector for seven years." The moral principle embodied in this law is of universal application, and the members of the United States Senate who have secured their election by honorable means owe it to themselves as well as to the Nation's honor that no Senator elected with the aid of bribery should retain his seat.

❀

Municipal Reforms in Ohio

Important recommendations are made by the Commission appointed by Governor Bushnell, of Ohio, to formulate a code for municipal administration. To begin with, the Commissioners propose to get rid of the evil of special legislation by providing that only two classes of cities or towns shall be recognized—those containing three thousand or more people, and those containing less. It is sensibly assumed that the same general structure will answer for the governments of all places having more or less than this number of people, and that the details of political organization ought to be left to the discretion of particular places. As the Ohio Constitution contains a sweeping prohibition of special legislation, and this prohibition has hitherto been virtually nullified by an elaborate classification of cities—by which an act governing a "class" often applied to only a single place—the recommendation of the Commission is really a return to a sound principle already approved by the voters. Regarding city councils, the Commission recognizes that their duties are really those of boards of directors in business corporations, and proposes a single board, instead of two boards with concurrent powers to undo each other's work. It recommends that the members of this Board or Council Chamber shall receive salaries. To the Mayor the Commission would give the full power of appointment and removal of the heads of specified departments. City employees are forbidden to attend party conventions or make political contributions. Examining boards are provided to determine the fitness of all candidates for appointive positions. As to franchises, the Commission recommends that they shall not be alienated without the consent of the voters, and that the voters shall also have the right to order the municipal purchase and operation of all municipal monopolies. This provision, more than any other, is calculated to prevent the corruption of city councils, and also to keep on their good behavior private corporations holding municipal franchises.

❀

The Treasury and the Money Market

The unusual demand for money from the West to move crops, and the constantly increasing British demand for gold ever since the beginning of the Boer war, have led to the seemingly strange spectacle of a stringent money market in the midst of commercial prosperity. In order to relieve the strain, Mr. Gage, the Secretary of the Treasury, (1) offered to purchase twenty-five million dollars' worth of bonds at the market price. The price advanced, however, before more than twenty millions' worth were sold, and the relief was not so great as was anticipated. (2) In order further to ease the market the Secretary anticipated the January interest on United States bonds. (3) On deposit of United States bonds, Mr. Gage has now deposited internal revenue receipts with the National City Bank of New York City for redistribution to National banks throughout the country. It is estimated that the internal revenue receipts will come to the bank at the rate of about a million dollars a day. Altogether, in this third way, about thirty-six million dollars will be released from Treasury control. To make an equitable distribution among the banks, especially to prevent the accumulation of the deposits in a few banks, it became necessary to have a distributing agency not in connection with the Treasury, an agency which should receive the deposits and distribute them as directed by the Treasury Department. The banks thus acting for the Government must give Government bonds as security. The selection of the National City Bank as distributing agent was due to the fact that it had deposited four million dollars' worth of bonds in the Treasury, an amount far in excess of that deposited by any other bank. There has been some criticism of the choice of the National City Bank as the Government depository, for which,

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however, we can see no just ground. The Government should choose the strongest and most efficient bank it can find for this purpose, and the National City Bank certainly meets these conditions. But the Government should insist on receiving the rate of interest for its large deposits that is often paid by special arrangement to private depositors who maintain large balances.

❀

American Economists Discuss Trusts

At the meeting of the American Economic Association at Ithaca, New York, last week, the principal subject of discussion was the trusts. President Hadley, of Yale, the President of the Association, took for the theme of his address some of the moral bearings. Until recently, he pointed out, prices had been regulated by competition between members of the same class—different manufacturers, for example, vying with each other to obtain the patronage of the public. The new order that is being forced upon us substitutes class combinations, including combinations of laborers as well as combinations of capitalists. To prevent the threatened advancement of class interests as against the public interests, public control is widely advocated, but President Hadley expressed little confidence in its desirability or effectiveness. Instead thereof he urged the necessity of a higher morality, which would lead the organized classes to treat the public with sympathy and justice. Secretary Fairchild, who discussed the "Financiering of Trusts," urged very truly that their effect upon the money market was commonly exaggerated. The enormous capitalization of the trusts had not greatly increased the demand for money, because most of this capitalization had merely been turned over to the original owners of the competing plants bought up by the trusts. The violent fluctuations in the prices of trust securities, he said, were due to the newness of the organizations, and would disappear when the dividend-paying capacities of the trusts were tested. For the security of investors he recommended the requirement of more detailed statements of earnings and expenses. Mr. James B. Dill, who spoke of some of the dangerous tendencies of trusts, urged overcapitalization as the chief, because it tempted to the raising of prices to consumers and the reduction of wages to laborers, as well as because it rendered the property of investors insecure. He, too, of course, urged publicity of accounts. The striking thing about the discussion seems to have been the comparative absence of those who believe in preventing combinations in order to foster the independence and enterprise of individual firms.

❀

The American Federation of Labor

The American Federation of Labor, at its Convention at Detroit, adopted two resolutions of wide public interest. One of these was an indorsement of President Gompers's attitude against anti-trust legislation. The ground upon which this position was taken was not that of sympathy with trusts, which only the Socialists in the Convention seemed to cherish, but the fear that Federal laws against combinations would again—as in the Chicago railroad strike—be used to break down combinations of labor rather than combinations of capital. However, the intense hostility of workingmen toward trusts which the Convention of Knights of Labor had asserted was in no way exhibited by the Federation. The other resolution of peculiar interest was that against the Hanna-Payne subsidy bill. Representatives of the boilermakers and one or two other unions championed the proposed subsidy on the ground that it would make work for American laborers, but the representative of the Seamen's Union, Mr. Furuseth, urged that American seamen did not indorse the bill, and, in common with other delegates, denounced the whole principle of taking money from the public treasury to give to favored individuals. This position so generally commended itself to the Convention that on the final vote the advocates of the subsidy bill hardly made a showing.

❀

Higher Freight Rates

The Inter-State Commerce Commission has transmitted to Attorney-General Griggs the evidence taken at the recent hearing of the complaints made by shippers against the general advance of freight rates. It appeared that sixty-six railroads are operating under the "official classification

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by which rates have just been advanced, and the shippers asked that the Attorney-General shall proceed against the railroads for violating the Anti-Trust Act. The representatives of the railroads claimed at the hearing that the advance agreed upon was adopted because the railroads absolutely needed the increased revenues. On many car-load rates the railroad committee had felt that there could be no advance, but on less than car-load lots carried for short hauls they had felt than an advance could be made. In other words, the advance took place on precisely the shipments where the roads are least in competition with each other, and have hitherto made the fewest reductions in order to get business. The representatives of the shippers brought out the admission that the cars carrying articles paying less-than-car-load rates were now being more heavily loaded than heretofore, and therefore that the earnings on this class of freight had been increased already. They asserted that some of the recent advances were ruinous to small shippers. In the case of petroleum, for example, they stated that the rates for less-than-car-load shipments were from 88 to 273 per cent. higher than the rates on car-load lots. The Commission, in transmitting the evidence to the Attorney-General, made the following statement:

> While it is not the province of this Commission to determine whether the testimony above referred to shows a violation of the Anti-Trust Law, and no opinion is expressed upon that point, there are certain features of the case to which we deem it proper to call your attention.
>
> With some unimportant exceptions, the general fact appears to be that the class rates at present in force, and which will presumably be applied to the new classification, are now the same as or higher than they were in 1887, when the act to regulate commerce was passed. Almost all the changes shown in the new classification are from lower to higher classes.

The statement that in general the new rates are higher than those of 1887, when the Inter-State Commerce Act went into force, will come as a surprise to many people who have thought that railroad rates have been reduced as rapidly as the prices of farm products and other commodities governed by competition. The fact, however, appears to be that the Commissioners are right, and that the frequently quoted railroad statistics showing heavy reductions per ton mile are almost meaningless, as the increase in the length of hauls and the increase in the soft-coal traffic have reduced the "average rate per ton per mile," without indicating any change in the old rates.

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Wages The recent increases in wages are as significant as anything of the general prosperity which this country is now enjoying. In the iron and steel industry the Carnegie Company has increased the wages of its common laborers to $1.50 a day, and the wages of most other day, turn, and tonnage laborers in proportion. This means over seven per cent. advance. The present increase affects fifteen thousand men. Ten times as many men in the cotton industry in New England are now receiving a ten per cent. advance in wages. This means a yearly increase of about ten million dollars. It is said that the cotton-mill operatives of New England are now receiving or will receive shortly an average rate of pay which will equal the previous high rate of 1892, when they were paid the highest rate of wages since the beginning of that industry. The first sign of an increase in wages to cotton-mill operatives in the South comes from Augusta, Ga., where the manufacturers decided on an increase to take place January 1. This is regarded as an indication that other mill men in the South will also take action on the question. The grant of an advance in the North has been made in spite of the knowledge that if wages in the South remained unchanged New England manufacturers would be placed at a disadvantage. The news from Georgia, therefore, is welcome intelligence to Northern manufacturers. In the woolen industry the twenty-six thousand employees in the different mills of the American Woolen Company have been benefited by a ten per cent. advance. Last spring woolen goods reached the lowest point known under the protective tariff, but at present there are exceedingly busy times in the mills. There has been a notable rise in raw material, and fine wool is to-day quoted at a dollar, which last spring sold at sixty-two cents a pound. Higher prices for cloth follow as a matter of course. Not in many years, so say

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the experts, has the woolen industry been in so satisfactory a condition.

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Not in the Show Business

From the Interior Department comes the welcome assurance that the United States has at last determined to go out of the "Wild West" show business. The Government has been, if not an active, a silent, partner in these combinations. Its consent has been necessary to give legality to the practice of taking a band of Indians from the reservation, dressing them in blankets, buckskin, and feathers, putting on an extra quantity of war paint, and moving them about the country as a great attraction to a circus or itinerant show. Mr. Cody, otherwise known as "Buffalo Bill," was the originator of this scheme, and has conducted it with the most success. To his credit be it said that he has always taken good physical and financial care of his Indians, and has complied with the conditions of the ten-thousand-dollar bond exacted by the Government for its hundred wards connected with his show. A host of imitators soon sprang up, and it is surprising to what extent the Government has been besieged for official permission to take similar bands. This permission has been too readily granted, and in many cases the collapse of these shows has left the Indians destitute in various parts of the country, and the Indian Bureau has had to return them to their reservations. In fact, but a few months ago the State Department was obliged to interfere to protect a band of thirteen Sioux who were abandoned in Germany by a man whose career as an Indian showman in that country has been notorious. The United States Consul at Düsseldorf informed the United States Embassy at Berlin that these Indians were practically held as prisoners and were not properly provided for. The attention of the Indian Bureau being called to the matter, it was found that these Indians had been smuggled from the Rosebud Agency into Canada by unknown persons, and taken to Europe for show purposes. In this case the Government was not directly responsible, but this is by no means the first case of the kind in which it has had to provide for the return of Indians stranded in Europe who have gone under official permission, and all of whom have been engaged in a demoralizing business, the countenance and encouragement of which by the United States has become a scandal and disgrace.

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Another Indian Reform

The multiplication of State Expositions has also created a new demand for the Indian as a taking element of the "Midway," or as representing the savagery of his people in a so-called "Indian Congress" or Indian village. The Department has become cautious enough to exact bonds from shows or expositions conducted under private auspices; but it is not as a financial enterprise that the practice deserves the severest condemnation. At these expositions it is not evidence of the progress of the Indian that is desired, but the Indian in his native picturesque barbarism. The evil effect of these exhibitions has been felt in the Indian schools and on the reservations, and has been made the subject of earnest complaint from missionaries and intelligent Indian agents. One of the most powerful of these protests was lately presented to the Department by Lieutenant-Colonel W. H. Clapp, U.S.A., acting Indian Agent of the Pine Ridge Agency, South Dakota. Colonel Clapp has been for years at an agency which has been the recruiting-ground for exhibition purposes, and he is in a position to know of the effect of the practice upon the Indians. The specious plea that these shows contribute to the education of the Indians by making them acquainted with the resources and habits of the whites he rejects as ingeniously fallacious. The practice he describes as "simply a premium on barbarism." "The Indian is taught that savagery has a market value and is worth retaining. The boys in the day-schools know it, and speak longingly of the time when they will no longer be required to attend school, but can let their hair grow long, dance Omaha, and go off with shows." Commissioner Jones has long been opposed to sending Indians for these exhibitions. He has recently had a conference with the Secretary of the Interior, and, though no official general order has been issued on the subject it is now understood to be the policy of the Department to refuse such permis-

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sions except for exhibitions which show the progress of the Indian in education and civilization.

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The Chicago Drainage Canal

Unless those who are opposed to the opening of the Chicago Drainage Canal shall persuade Congress to take immediate action, it is probable that within a few weeks this enormous engineering undertaking will be completed and put into operation. The canal has already cost over $30,000,000; it is the largest purely artificial canal in the world. As most of our readers know, its purpose is to carry the sewage of Chicago into the Des Plaines River, and thence into the Illinois River, diluted in a great stream of water coming from Lake Michigan; through the Illinois River the current will flow down into the Mississippi River, reaching that river some distance above St. Louis. The canal provides for a maximum flow of six hundred thousand cubic feet of water a minute; what the effect of thus taking from Lake Michigan from three hundred thousand to six hundred thousand cubic feet of water every minute will be is a question upon which engineers are divided, some thinking that the level of Lake Michigan (and therefore of Lake Huron and Lake Erie) will be lowered seven or eight inches, while others believe that these figures are excessive, and that the lowering of the level will be very slight and will come about gradually, so that it may be only three inches or so in the course of several years. Another interesting question involved is as to the effect of the canal upon the land adjacent to the rivers into which its contents will flow; that the water-line on the river banks will be raised to some extent seems almost certain; and the right of the owners of this land to claim damages is an important element in the problem. The most important question of all, however, is the sanitary one. St. Louis receives its water from the Mississippi, and, naturally, the people of St. Louis are protesting against Chicago sewage being allowed to flow into the Mississippi. Eminent sanitary engineers, however, declare that the dilution of the sewage with the immense body of water into which it is poured and the distances traversed are such that it would be absolutely impossible for the St. Louis water supply to be affected. Moreover, several towns already drain into both the Illinois and the Mississippi Rivers above St. Louis. There will be an attempt made to put the objections to the canal before Congress, on the ground that the canal passes through parts of more than one State; it is hardly conceivable, however, that, after the construction of such an immense engineering work, it will be made useless by the action of a Congressional committee. The benefit to Chicago is unquestioned; and sanitarians have failed to show any more feasible or less expensive method of solving the difficulties. The Civic Federation of Chicago has strongly urged that the city itself should reserve the entire disposition of water-power which may be hereafter utilized in connection with the canal; and the Federation estimates that the value of this water-power might amount to from thirty to fifty millions of dollars. This fact shows clearly the importance of the undertaking apart from the sanitary questions involved. It is quite possible, also, that hereafter the canal may be so enlarged as to serve as a shipway by which steamships may reach the Mississippi River from the Great Lakes.

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A Remarkable Publisher

The late Daniel S. Ford, who died in Boston last week at the age of seventy-eight, was one of the most successful and influential publishers of America, and at the same time one of the least known. Probably many who read these lines have never known until now the name of the man who for forty years was the owner, editor-in-chief, and publisher of the "Youth's Companion," one of the most widely and favorably known periodicals published in this country. It is safe to say that through its pages, which have been read by thousands of families for at least two generations, Mr. Ford has exerted a very much more far-reaching influence than that of many journalists whose names are famous on both sides of the Atlantic. Mr. Ford made it his life-work to obtain the best writers on the best subjects, and while the "Youth's Companion" was primarily established for the entertainment of younger readers, it has grown into a

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periodical which exerts, not a didactic, but nevertheless a very direct, influence for what is best in the life of the family at home. When the "Youth's Companion," forty years ago, by a sort of chance, came into Mr. Ford's control, it had a circulation of 7,000 copies weekly. It now prints and circulates over 500,000 copies every week, and Mr. Ford's estate, which has been made entirely from the profits of his business, is estimated at $2,500,000. While he gave his personal attention to every detail of this great business, his modesty of disposition led him to keep his own personality absolutely in the background. His name did not appear on the periodical which he published, nor in any of the advertising which he so widely issued to the public. People transacting business with his firm rarely met him personally, since the executive work was conducted through able and loyal assistants. In a word, he shunned publicity, and, as Kipling says of Lord Roberts in a poem which we print on another page of this issue, he did not advertise himself—that is to say, he did his work in the best way he knew, but sought no personal renown. His estate, which was a large one, is bequeathed almost entirely to philanthropic work, chiefly to organizations of the Baptist denomination, of which he was an active and loyal member. To us the most striking lesson of his life seems to be that a man may make a great commercial and pecuniary success while preserving ideality of purpose, absolute rectitude of action, and the sincerest simplicity, modesty, and unselfishness of personal bearing.

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A New Review The appearance of the "International Monthly," under the editorship of Mr. Frederick A. Richardson, of Burlington, Vt., and bearing the imprint of the Macmillan Company, is an interesting event in contemporary periodical literature. The new magazine, if it is successful, will fill a place of its own; its sphere lies outside that of the leading magazines. It is to be less journalistic than the periodicals of the class of the "North American Review" and the "Forum." Its sub-title, "A Magazine of Contemporary Thought," probably describes as accurately as a short phrase can the purpose of the editor. That purpose is also to be discovered in the list of advisory editors, which includes Professors Royce and Toy, of Harvard, Professor Le Conte, of the University of California, Professor Giddings, of Columbia, Professor Trent, of the University of the South, Professors Van Dyke, of Rutgers, and Whitman, of the University of Chicago, and Dr. St. John Roosa. The first issue presents five articles: one on French Criticism by Édouard Rod, two long scientific papers by Professors Shaler and Trowbridge, a discussion of "Organization among American Artists" by Professor Charles De Kay, and a frank and very interesting treatment of the question of "The Theatrical Syndicate" by Norman Hapgood. It will be seen that the "International" proposes to occupy in this country the field occupied in France by "Le Revue des Deux Mondes," and in England by reviews of the class of the "Nineteenth Century," the "Fortnightly," and the "Contemporary."

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President Capen and Foreign Missions Mr. Samuel B. Capen, the recently elected President of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, has made an address to the members and friends of that Board, stating the things which he feels should be done. His plan of work is set forth under three heads: (1) Organization; (2) Education; (3) Business Forethought. Organization, the first purpose, should secure, if possible, a gift every year from every church for each of the six missionary societies of the Congregational Church. This result is to be obtained by having a missionary committee in every State, in every conference, in every church, and this committee must see that there is definite effort, commensurate with the importance of the work. A large fraction of church members give little or nothing in this direction, and are often conspicuous by their absence on "Missionary Sunday." Last year only twenty-one per cent. of all the churches in the denomination gave to all the six societies; and in those churches which did give, many members gave nothing, because of the lack of method. Again, on account of ignorance with regard to the sixfold mis-

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sionary work, large sums of money are wasted every year in gifts to doubtful experiments. The average yearly donations to the societies for ten years were: to the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions itself, $470,000; to the Congregational Home Missionary Society, $367,000; to the American Missionary Association, $178,000; to the Congregational Church Building Society, $59,000; to the Congregational Education Society, $73,000; and to the Congregational Sunday-School and Publication Society, $53,000, making a total of $1,200,000. On the basis of increase proposed by following out President Capen's plan of organization, the average yearly donation would amount to $1,600,000.

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Education and Business Forethought

If there is need of a more complete organization, there is also need for better education in missionary endeavors. In a recent number of "Congregational Work" Dr. Bradford said that "before the treasuries of our missionary societies can be filled so that they will stay full, there must be a long and thorough campaign of education which shall have as its object the teaching of the people who live to-day that they and all men need the Gospel and Christian institutions." President Capen declares that this education should begin in the home; the missionary interest which stands the test of time starts at the fireside. He therefore recommends a catechism prepared with such questions, with answers, as the following: "What is missionary work?" "Why should I give to missions?" "What is the best way to help missionary work?" "How many missionary societies have we in the Congregational churches?" etc. There should be an illuminated card in large type with the name of the six societies hung upon the wall in every Sunday-school room, and the Sunday-school superintendent should supplement the catechism work of the teacher in the class. When the children have thus been instructed and interested in missionary work and in its stories of matchless heroism, they should be encouraged and expected to give systematically. The total gifts of the Methodists last year, to foreign and home missions together, amounted to $1,162,000, of which the Sunday-schools contributed $382,000. The American Board receipts were only $633,000, of which the Sunday-schools gave directly $11,700. Comment is unnecessary. Mr. Capen believes that from the more than five thousand Congregational Sunday-schools the Board ought to raise no less than $50,000 the first year. Education of children in Sunday-schools means, however, far more than their present gifts; it means, in future years, the boys and girls themselves. The third portion of President Capen's timely address had to do with the subject of business forethought. Last year the American Board closed its accounts with a debt, but not because of any decline in the gifts of the living; these, on the contrary, had made a gratifying gain. The loss by legacy, however, was nearly twice as much as this gain. In the end, however, the debt may prove to be a blessing, if it leads to a recognition of the great variations in legacies and to consequent wiser business planning. It is now proposed to create a fund to average the legacies, so that the unusual receipts of one year may be an offset to the small receipts of another. Mr. Capen closes his address by the hope that, with the improved business outlook in America, the American Board may receive larger gifts. "In fact, I do not see how we can go on as we have gone in the last few years, closing out-stations, calling in helpers, retreating before the enemy."

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The Moody Memorial Endowment

On Tuesday of last week the burial of Mr. Moody took place at "Round Top," often called the Olivet of Northfield, Mass. From the hill one may see Mr. Moody's birthplace, a little more than a stone's throw to the south; his own home for the last quarter of a century, about as far to the west; the seminary buildings, a minute's walk to the north, and the buildings at Mount Hermon. To the north, Hinsdale, in New Hampshire, is plainly seen, while the hills about Brattleboro', Vermont, stand out in bold relief. The preceding devotional services at Mr. Moody's house and at the Congregational church were conducted by the Rev. Dr. Schofield, the pastor, and by the Rev. Drs. Torrey (Superintendent

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of the Moody Bible Institute in Chicago), Pierson, Needham, Weston, Chapman, and Bishop Mallalieu. Messrs. Wanamaker, Wharton, and W. R. Moody also spoke. At the same time a service was held in New York City at the Calvary Baptist Church, at which the Rev. Drs. MacArthur, Hillis, and Hoadley, Mr. James Stokes, and others spoke. An appeal to the world has been issued to provide funds for the continuation of the special work begun by Mr. Moody twenty years ago. This work is represented by three institutions—the Northfield Seminary and Training-School for Young Women, the Mount Hermon School for Young Men, and the Bible Institute at Chicago. The Northfield plant consists of twelve hundred acres of land and about thirty buildings. This plant, with the present endowment, is valued at $1,250,000, and is practically free from debt. The Northfield schools have about four hundred students, each of whom pays a hundred dollars a year for board and tuition. At Chicago the buildings and endowment exceed $250,000 in value. The appeal says that the sum of about $125,000 annually is required to maintain the work on the principles successfully pursued for the last twenty years. This sum has heretofore been largely raised by Mr. Moody's personal efforts. A fund of three million dollars is asked for, which, at four per cent., will perpetuate his work. We may thus measure Mr. Moody's worth as a capitalist and as a laborer. He was not only the greatest evangelist of our time; his earning power in dollars and cents has hardly been appreciated.

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Indiscriminate Aid to Theological Seminaries

It is significant that one of the first decisive moves toward a reform in indiscriminate aid to theological students should be made by the students themselves. Two meetings have recently been held by the students of the Yale Divinity School, at which the subject received vigorous and thorough treatment. A very few men, it is true, justified the method on the ground that the peculiar circumstances of their calling demanded it; but, on the other hand, many were strongly in favor of declining at once all such aid except it come in the nature of a loan. Almost all the students felt that the present method was bad. President Hadley's inaugural address brought the subject of indiscriminate aid into prominence, and he concludes that all scholarship aid should be distinctly in the nature of a prize for really distinguished work, or payment for services rendered. The following resolution was almost unanimously carried at the Yale meetings: "*Resolved*, That we, members of the Divinity School, would heartily welcome any change in the distribution of the scholarship funds which would be in a line with the recent utterances of President Hadley." In this connection two contributions to current journalism are worth reading. In a recent issue of the "Congregationalist" the Rev. C. S. Macfarland sensibly suggests that funds for theological seminaries be divided into two classes of scholarships: one for excellence in class-room work, and the other for services rendered in such departments of work as city missions, for instance, under the direction of the faculty. In the January "Atlantic Monthly" President Hyde, of Bowdoin College, declares that, if law and medicine held out the opportunity of board and room, heat and light, clothing and furniture, instruction, and all the comforts and refinements of a cultivated club to anybody who could raise fifty dollars a year, these professions would soon be swamped by the horde of idlers and degenerates who would apply. "It is one of the highest testimonials to the Christian ministry that it has suffered so little harm from these pauperizing processes, which would have been the utter ruin of any other profession. Under these eleemosynary conditions natural selection does not get a fair chance to do its wholesome work of toning up the manhood of the ministry."

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Father Malone

The Rev. Sylvester Malone died in Brooklyn December 29. Father Malone, as he was familiarly called by the people of the city, had been one of its bravest and most loyal citizens for sixty years. The golden jubilee, the fiftieth anniversary of his rectorship in the Church of Sts. Peter and Paul (R. C.), was celebrated by the leading citizens of Brooklyn and the clergymen of all denominations. In 1861, when news came of

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the fall of Fort Sumter, Father Malone caused the American flag to be raised on the steeple of his church. There it hung night and day until the close of the war. He took it down the Sunday following the surrender of Lee, and preached an eloquent sermon on Brotherly Love. Father Malone was an ardent supporter of the public schools, because he believed them to be the best educators to American citizenship. His faith in his adopted country was as fervent and unlimited as his faith in his Church and his God. Every cause deserving the aid of a citizen could depend on his public support. He was elected one of the State Board of Regents, and served faithfully and well. His parish was extensive, having many in the humblest walks of life in its limits. To every man, woman, and child he was a friend. His hatred of all forms of meanness and brutality, his fearless denunciation of sin, made him a tremendous moral force in the community.

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Christmas At least three notable things marked the Christmas of 1899 in the metropolis. One was the issue of an order by President Fargo, of the American Express Company, giving to each man, except agents whose salaries are a thousand dollars or more a year, five dollars for Christmas. About six hundred men received this gift in New York City alone, and about sixty-five hundred throughout the country, or half of the Company's entire force. In addition, the Company pensioned its old employees, and paid the insurance premiums on policies held by many of its men. We may add that in 1898 as well as in 1861, when the United States Government was calling for volunteers, the American Express Company retained on its pay-rolls every man who left its service for the front, and restored him to his former position on his return from military duty. The second event referred to above was the Salvation Army dinner at Madison Square Garden. Twenty-four thousand poor people were fed. Before Christmas the Salvation Army had placed on many a street corner large iron pots suspended from the junction of three poles, with the request to "keep the pot boiling." That the appeal was heeded by a generous public may be seen from the number of persons cheered by a dinner at the Madison Square Garden. A third noteworthy thing is found in the report of the Money-Order Department of the New York City Post-Office from December 1 to December 22, which shows that on those days, as compared with the corresponding period in other years, the largest sums on record changed hands.

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The Swiss President Almost coincident with the announcement of the election of a new President for Switzerland came the news of the death of M. Numa Droz, the most distinguished of Swiss ex-Presidents. About thirty-five years ago he founded a paper called "Le National Suisse," which he conducted in the interests of the Radicals. As has been often said, however, the radicals of yesterday become the conservatives of to-day, and his particular radicalism has long since found adequate expression in such cantonal institutions as the initiative, the referendum, and proportional representation. The intelligent espousal of these and other reforms finally gained him a membership in the Grand Council thirty years ago, and a later appointment as Director of the Department of Public Instruction. Afterwards he successively directed the Departments of the Interior, of Agriculture and Commerce, and of Foreign Affairs. His most important achievements in this last-named position were the enactment of the law regulating the protection of literary property and the negotiation of the Franco-Swiss Commercial Treaty. So notable had his international reputation become that the Great Powers tried to induce him to accept the position of resident legal adviser to young Prince George of Greece, who had been named as Governor-General of Crete. M. Droz felt, however, that he owed all of his energy to the service of his own country. How valuable that service has been is seen in his authoritative and suggestive books—for instance, his "Instruction Civique," a text-book used in Swiss schools and academies. The new President of Switzerland, Herr Walther Hauser, is also a Radical. He comes from German Switzerland, his home being near Zürich. Although the President's office is the most distinguished in the gift of the

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Government, the salary was purposely made small; it is but twenty-seven hundred dollars a year.

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One Result of Sanitary Knowledge

The annual report of the Superintendent of the New York Institution for the Blind calls attention to the steady decrease in the number of children who become blind in New York after birth. This decrease he attributes to the rapidly increasing knowledge of sanitary science; the careful medical inspection of the public schools; the recognition by the ignorant poor of the danger of diseases of the eye, and their effort to cure, if not prevent, them; the increased knowledge of the medical profession about the eye and its treatment. Better food and homes, some conception of the value of cleanliness and its relation to health, the new knowledge of the cost of disease in the poor man's home—all these are contributing causes to the happy result reported. Another cause is the new education, which recognizes the factors of hygiene and sanitation, and demands properly ventilated and lighted rooms for the use of children during school life.

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Booker T. Washington on Our Racial Problem

No man in the present decade has thrown so much light on the difficult problem presented by the race conditions in the South as Mr. Booker T. Washington. He has done this by his deeds even more than by his words. He has commended himself to the best elements in his own race and in the white race, both South and North. He has had amazing success in overcoming both race and sectional prejudice, and he has done this, not by palterings or evasions, not by using words in a double sense, not by giving one message to the colored people, another to the Southern whites, and a third to the Northern whites, not by yielding to prejudice, sectional or racial, not by presenting as a compromise a mosaic-work platform made up of incongruous principles, but by his clear perception and courageous but always non-polemical presentation of fundamental principles. And it is only in the discovery and application of fundamental principles that the true solution of any great problem can ever be found. In his recently published book on "The Future of the American Negro" Mr. Washington collates his various utterances on this subject, and from this book we gather and state here what appear to us to be fundamental principles, the ignoring or violation of which has done much to aggravate the difficulties which we have inherited from slavery. In the statement of these principles we acknowledge our indebtedness to Mr. Washington, while he is not to be held responsible for our formulation of what are in the main simply our interpretations of his teachings.

The problem itself is, first, how to make the eight or ten millions of people of African descent in the United States self-supporting, intelligent, economical, and valuable citizens, and, second, to bring about right relations between them and the white citizens among whom they live.

The second problem can be answered only by answering the first. The character of the negro is more important to him than his place, and the best way to secure for him his right place is to endow him with a right character. It has been a grievous mistake to put agitation for his recognition before strenuous effort to give him a character which deserves to be recognized. It is, for example, much more important to make him competent to exercise the suffrage than to give the suffrage to him. Suffrage given to him while incompetent is a disadvantage alike to him and to the community in which he lives. Mr. Washington is of the opinion that giving him the ballot without conferring upon him qualification to exercise it wisely was a mistake:

> I think it would have been better for all concerned if, immediately after the close of the war, an educational and property qualification for the exercise of the franchise had been prescribed, that would have applied fairly and squarely to both races; and also if, in educating the negro, greater stress had been put upon training him along the lines of industry, for which his services were in the greatest demand in the South. In a word, too much stress was placed upon the mere matter of voting and holding political office rather than upon the preparation for the highest citizenship.

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Nor does Mr. Washington object now to any law the effect of which is to take away the ballot from the ignorant and unqualified negro, provided the law is so framed as also to take it away from the ignorant and unqualified white man. "It is necessary to the salvation of the South that restrictions be put upon the ballot." "The negro does not object to an education and property test, but let the law be so clear that no one clothed with State authority will be tempted to perjure and degrade himself by putting one interpretation upon it for the white man and another for the black man." Mr. Washington's fundamental remedy for present conditions would be to close the ballot-box against the ignorant and open the school-house for the ignorant. Educational development is more important than political reform. What is this but reaffirming the fundamental principle of Jesus Christ, that individual character must take precedence over social reorganization; that the way to righten the wrongs of society is to make righteous the men of whom society is composed?

The first duty of every man is to support himself; that is, to contribute at least as much to the world's well-being as he takes out of the world for his own well-being. The first condition of a good education, therefore, is that it should be adapted to render the educated man able to support himself; if it does not do this, whatever else it may do for him, it is nugatory if not harmful. In framing a system of education for the colored people, consideration is to be paid to the education which they already received under slavery, and to the industrial demands which are immediately pressing upon them in their present state of freedom. Slavery, bad as it was, did give the colored race some industrial training:

> Every large plantation in the South was, in a limited sense, an industrial school. On these plantations there were scores of young colored men and women who were constantly being trained, not alone as common farmers, but as carpenters, blacksmiths, wheelwrights, plasterers, brick-masons, engineers, bridge-builders, cooks, dressmakers, housekeepers, etc. I would be the last to apologize for the curse of slavery; but I am simply stating facts. This training was crude, and was given for selfish purposes, and did not answer the highest ends, because there was the absence of brain-training in connection with that of the hand. Nevertheless, this business contact with the Southern white man, and the industrial training received on these plantations, put the negro at the close of the war into possession of all the common and skilled labor in the South.

Education is development, and in development each new advance is reached from and grows out of the preceding stage. The education of the negro in the South should have been primarily industrial, because the preceding stage was simply industrial, and also because the South was largely dependent on the industry of the negro, and in that fact was the secret of his ability to support himself and of his consequent independence. It was a mistake to attempt to build on the substructure of slavery the same sort of education which in New England had been built on the substructure of freedom.

> Negro men and women were educated in literature, mathematics, and the sciences, with no thought of what had taken place on these plantations for two and a half centuries. After twenty years, those who were trained as mechanics, etc., during slavery, began to disappear by death, and gradually we awoke to the fact that we had no one to take their places.

The notion that there is no difference between the black man and the white man in this country, and that the same education must be provided for the one as for the other, is false. "This sounds very pleasant and tickles the fancy, but when the test of hard, cold logic is applied to it, it must be acknowledged that there is a difference; not an inherent one, not a racial one, but a difference growing out of unequal opportunities in the past." Mr. Washington, therefore, would first of all teach the negro those fundamental lessons necessary to enable him to compete in industrial pursuits with the white man. For the lack of such education the negro has lost ground industrially in the South. For the lack of it prejudice against negro education has been created and strengthened. It is not altogether strange that the Southern white man's idea of the results of negro education has been "the high hat, kid gloves, a showy walking-cane, patent leather shoes, and all the rest of it." Where, on the other hand, education really has developed industrial capacity, those prejudices have been overcome.

This is Mr. Washington's remedy for

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the custom which drives the negro out of the common passenger-cars:

> Suppose there was a black man who had business for the railroads to the amount of ten thousand dollars a year. Do you suppose that, when that black man takes his family aboard the train, they are going to put him into a Jim Crow car and run the risk of losing that ten thousand dollars a year? No, they will put on a Pullman palace car for him.

It is a mistake, however, to suppose that Mr. Washington wants the negro simply taught how to toil. On the contrary, he wants him taught how to use nature so that nature shall do his drudgery for him. "Industrial education teaches the negro how not to drudge in his work. . . . Let us give the black man so much skill and brains that he can cut oats like the white man; then he can compete with him." Why is it that, when the negro attempts factory labor, trouble begins? Because "the negro lacks the skill, coupled with brains, necessary to compete with the white man, or, when white men refuse to work with colored men, enough skilled and educated colored men cannot be found able to superintend and man every part of any one large industry."

The industrial training which may almost be called Mr. Washington's hobby is not merely the training of the hand. If he takes less space to discuss the development of the moral nature, he puts no less emphasis upon it. "The study of arithmetic that does not result in making men conscientious in receiving and counting the ballots of their fellow-men is faulty. The study of art that does not result in making the strong less willing to oppress the weak means little." Indeed, Mr. Washington's demand for industrial training is based upon moral considerations. The emotional religion which does not fit a man to earn his living is with him no religion at all. So St. Paul declared: "But if any provide not for his own, and specially for those of his own house, he hath denied the faith, and is worse than an infidel." "No matter," says Mr. Washington, "how much our people 'get happy' and 'shout' in church. If they go home at night from church hungry, they are tempted to find something to eat before morning." Honest industry is the basic fact in good morals, and there is no religion worth having without it.

These fundamental principles—that character is more important than conditions, that conditions depend upon character, that the quickest way to secure for the negro just and equal conditions is to give him a character which will make him valuable in the community in which he resides, and that to do this his present development must begin where the previous development under slavery left off—Mr. Washington has not only defined with great clearness and urged with that eloquence which is born of simple-hearted and sincere earnestness, but he has proved by actual demonstration. We wish that we had space to give at length his account of what has been accomplished in and through Tuskegee, where literary, industrial, and theological education go on together; where there is a normal school for teachers, a manual-training school for workmen, and a Bible school for preachers. A single illustration of the results of this method must here suffice, and this we must condense. Ten years ago a young colored man came to the Institute from one of the large plantation districts. Having finished his course at Tuskegee, he returned to his plantation home, which was in a county where the colored people outnumbered the whites six to one. He found the negroes in debt, the majority of them living from hand to mouth, on rented land, in small one-room log cabins, and attempting to pay a rate of interest on their advances that ranged from fifteen to forty per cent. per annum. The school, taught in a wreck of a log cabin, was without any apparatus, and never longer in session than three months out of twelve. Often as many as eight or ten persons, of all ages and conditions and of both sexes, were huddled together and living in one-room cabins year after year, and with a minister whose only aim was to work upon the emotions. The young man took the three months' public school as a nucleus for his work; he organized the older people into a club or conference with weekly meetings; in them taught the people how to save their money, how to farm in a better way, how to live on bread and potatoes, if necessary, until they could get out of debt and begin the buying of lands. The result is thus described:

> I wish my readers could have the chance that I have had of going into this community.

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I wish they could look into the faces of the people, and see them beaming with hope and delight. I wish they could see the two or three room cottages that have taken the place of the usual one-room cabin, see the well-cultivated farms, and the religious life of the people that now means something more than the name. The teacher has a good cottage and well-kept farm that serve as models. In a word, a complete revolution has been wrought in the industrial, educational, and religious life of this whole community by reason of the fact that they have had this leader, this guide and object-lesson, to show them how to take the money and effort that had hitherto been scattered to the wind in mortgages and high rents, in whisky and gewgaws, and how to concentrate it in the direction of their own uplifting.

One other fact Mr. Washington lays great stress upon, namely, that the negro may have, if he will take the right means to secure it, the friendship of his white neighbor and the support of his white neighbor in securing his own highest and best self-development. He does not hesitate to intimate that the Northern prejudice against the negro is greater than the Southern prejudice, and to give some illustrations in confirmation of this intimation. He deprecates the division of parties along race lines, and recommends the negro to consult the interests of his white employer, "just as the Pennsylvania employee tries to vote for the interests of his employer." The possibility of thus developing friendly relations between black and white he has also demonstrated; and he has set an example which we think it would be well if the missionary societies in the North would follow, in employing white Southern teachers in his own school. He has found no Southern prejudice against working for the negro, with the negro, and even under the negro's direction (since Mr. Washington is himself the principal of the school) which cannot be overcome by sound judgment and a Christian spirit.

The spirit of Mr. Washington's book—perhaps we might also say the principles of his statesmanship—are summed up in the following sentence: "I believe the past and present teach but one lesson—to the negro's friends and to the negro himself—that there is but one way out, that there is but one hope of solution; and that is for the negro in every part of America to resolve from henceforth that he will throw aside every non-essential and cling only to essentials—that his pillar of fire by night and pillar of cloud by day shall be property, economy, education, and Christian character." We believe that in this sentence is found the adequate and the only solution of the race problem in the South, and we wish that some philanthropist would provide a special edition of this volume of Mr. Washington's, and put a copy of it in the hands of every Northern teacher engaged in educational work among the negroes of the South.

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Forgetting the Past

It is a sign of moral health when a man does not readily forget his sins and errors. Repentance for evil-doing or for that intellectual slovenliness which leads us into so many blunders is not to be measured accurately by the depth and intensity of the penitential feeling; but it is safe to say that he who easily forgets his offenses is not likely speedily or effectively to make reparation to himself or others. With most sensitive natures the difficulty lies in another direction: it is a great deal easier for such natures to dwell upon their offenses and humiliate themselves in the dust in remembrance of them than to put these offenses in the background and move resolutely forward to better days and works. The idea of the divine righteousness has been wrought so thoroughly into the very fiber of men and women who have felt in their ancestors the influence of the Reformation that it seems at times almost impossible that the divine justice can overlook human lawbreaking. This is, however, a kind of atheism, although a very noble kind: it involves a doubt of the love of God; since the supreme manifestation of that love is the forgiveness of sins as expressed in the life and death of Christ. It would seem to be impossible even for Deity to go further in making known to men the certainty of the erasure of an evil record when such a record has excited in the man who has made it a deep sense of unworthiness and a genuine feeling of penitence. But men who can easily believe in the being of God and the immortality of the soul find it difficult to accept the divine love in its fullness.

This lack of faith has very important

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practical bearings; for a large part of the moral inefficiency of many people comes from a sense of discouragement. Men and women do not achieve what lies clearly within their grasp because they do not believe they can achieve, or are worthy to achieve. It is probably true that a multitude of men and women are full of undeveloped talent which is never brought to the surface and which never finds expression because its possessors doubt its existence. It is impossible to achieve anything substantial except as an act of faith. No man can make a great discovery, lead a great movement, or carry a difficult enterprise to a prosperous conclusion if he stops every hour to question his ability or to doubt whether he is the right person to accomplish the work in hand. So long as life remains essentially a race, the goal will be within touch of those who look ahead, not of those who look behind. There is perhaps no finer fruit of a real faith in God than the ability to forget what lies behind, and to press forward with concentrated energy in order to possess what lies before. A new life is always open to the man or woman who believes that, however the past may have been sold for small returns or forfeited by unfaithfulness, the future is a fresh possession which may be held upon the highest terms.

It does not follow that because a man has made unfortunate investments with one fortune it is inevitable that he should go on to lose other fortunes. Many a man learns by losses how to conserve and increase gains. If a man has wasted one moral fortune, he has the blessed certainty that there is another at his disposal; and the lesson of disaster can always be turned to account in a new self-control, a steadier will, and a finer insight. If there were a universal biography in which the fortunes of all the race were set down, it would be full of thrilling recitals of moral victories won after long disasters, and moral conquests achieved after many moral defeats. They are not the most unfortunate who are taught the lesson of success through the bitter lessons of failure. There is always a future before the man who sets his feet in the right path; and he who doubts his ability to gain the highest moral possessions because he has wasted his substance in the past really doubts God.

Kipling as a Poet of Patriotism[1]

It is interesting to note in contemporary history the difficulty of deciding the rank and value of a piece of literature when it comes warm from the imagination of the writer. If Shakespeare were to give the world to-day those superb passages on England which may be regarded as the high-water mark of noble expression of the passion of patriotism, there would be those who would urge that the eloquence of these splendid apostrophes was timely rather than enduring, and that they were calculated to catch the eye of the vulgar rather than the imagination of the cultivated.

Mr. Kipling is now going through the process of being judged as regards the importance and merit of his verse which has been inspired by recent events. There are many who think that he has given the world nothing fresher, stronger, or more original in conception and decisive in utterance than the poems called forth during the last two or three years by contemporary public conditions. The first of these was the "Recessional," which impressed most people who read it as a true insight into the spiritual significance of the Jubilee Celebration, but which a good many people, with Mr. Watson at their head, instantly challenged as barbaric. Mr. Birrell, who is usually as sane as he is fresh and entertaining, has recently questioned the quality of the patriotism which has found such vigorous utterance in three or four more recent poems from Mr. Kipling's hand, and declared that he was not ready to believe that "Kipling's muse really represented, in dignity or in feeling, the heartfelt emotions of a great people."

The poems to which he referred—especially that on Russia—have undoubtedly had a certain touch of almost brutal frankness; but great plainness of speech is something very different from vulgarity. Mr. Kipling interprets through the imagination what may be called the executive side of the English spirit. He is preeminently a poet of the Englishman in action. That which touches his imagina-

[1] On another page are printed three of Mr. Kipling's patriotic poems—"The Recessional," "Bobs," and "The Absent-Minded Beggar."

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tion the world over is the spectacle of men at work under all conditions; and wherever he finds courage, endurance, and capacity, he is moved by them, even when they are allied with a good deal of personal coarseness and vulgarity.

It is because he loves life with such passionate intensity that Mr. Kipling has awakened so wide an interest in a generation which has listened mainly, for the last twenty years, to echoes in verse, and has rarely heard a human voice sounding a clear, original, and genuine note.

Patriotism is essentially a concrete quality, and those who have detached themselves from the national movement and hold, with Tolstoï, that patriotism is a vice, will probably find any frank expression of it in the speech of men of elementary habit and conversation repellent; but it is to be seriously questioned whether the coarse and frank man who is ready to do something for his country, even though it may involve the sacrifice of his life, does not give his fellows something better and more real than the refined and cultivated man who stands at a distance, gathers his robes about him, and refuses to be defiled by the possible contact with the coarse things of life. There are phases of poetic expression, as there are degrees of poetic elevation and depths of poetic insight, to which Mr. Kipling has not yet attained; but the obvious reality of his work, its telling directness and concrete force, ought not to be mistaken for vulgarity. A hundred years hence his patriotic poems, if they are read at all, will probably be free from any suspicion of coarseness.

Mr. Kipling has not, it is true, the fineness of feeling which always characterized Lowell; but there were many who thought "The Biglow Papers" undignified as a form of argument for human rights, and unworthy a poet of position and reputation. There were some who thought the papers vulgar because they used the speech of very plain people. It is evident now that "The Biglow Papers" are not only free from vulgarity, but are probably the most original contribution made by Lowell to American literature. A generation which is hungering and thirsting for poetry which issues out of the deep springs of human experience instead of that which is born in graceful fancy, ought not to substitute fastidiousness for taste, nor the purely analytic spirit of the man who believes neither in himself nor his fellows for that insight which is born of a conviction of the essential dignity of human nature and the essential worth of human effort.

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The Case of Dr. McGiffert

The resolutions adopted by the Presbytery in the case of Dr. McGiffert, which we reported last week, embody two very simple distinctions, the universal recognition of which would prevent most heresy trials and convert angry and partisan ecclesiastical warfare into friendly and profitable theological discussion. Both distinctions appear to us to be self-evident, yet both are constantly ignored.

The first is the difference between the doctrinal utterances of individual Presbyterians and the doctrinal utterances of the Presbyterian Church. The Presbytery counsels all persons "to refrain from setting forth the disavowed teachings as if indorsed by the Presbyterian Church." We do not recall a single instance in which any one has so set forth these teachings, and we interpret this counsel as a euphemistic way of declaring that it is a mistake for any Presbyterian to hold himself responsible to the Church for Dr. McGiffert's teaching. It ought to be self-evident that a great organization is not to be charged with all the opinions inculcated by its individual members; it is accountable only for opinions which it expresses by its creed or platform in its organic capacity. On any other principle the Republican party would be chargeable with silver and anti-expansion doctrines, because Senator Wolcott held the first and Senator Hoar the second. The protectors of purity of doctrine in the Presbyterian Church might wisely learn a lesson from the Roman Catholic Church. When Father McGlynn was received back into the priesthood, he was not asked to disavow his single-tax faith, but no one thinks of regarding the Roman Catholic Church as a teacher of the single-tax theory. If any man wishes to know what Presbyterian doctrine is, he should go, not to Dr. McGiffert nor to Dr. Green, but to the Westminster Confession of

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Faith. If all the teachers of a great Church must teach the same doctrines, all personality and vitality will be taken out of their teaching, and they will be mere echoes of opinions not their own. The notion, against which the Presbytery with wise mildness protests, that every Presbyterian is responsible for what every other Presbyterian preacher or teacher may say, is responsible for a large proportion of the heresy trials and bitter theological controversies which have done so much to weaken that splendid Church. If its members were universally to adopt the principle that the Church is to be measured only by its official utterances, and that individual teachers are to be left to teach the truth as they understand it, while the public is left free to compare the individual teachings with the organic utterances and determine for itself how far they agree, not only would ecclesiastical wranglings cease, but the free and friendly discussions which would take their place would contribute to clarify and to strengthen the faith, both within and without the Church.

The Presbytery also counsels all persons "to be careful to distinguish between the theories of criticism and the certainties of faith." This distinction is equally clear, and, unfortunately, as carelessly ignored as the other. The "certainties of faith" are such as these: the reality and worth of purity, truth, and goodness; the fact that they are worth living for and, if need be, dying for; the revelation of both their nature and their worth in the Bible; the pre-eminent revelation of both in the life, character, and death of Jesus Christ; the inspirational power of a present and helpful God vouchsafed to any man who desires to lead the life that is pure, true, and good. The uncertainties of criticism are such as, Who wrote the Pentateuch? Is Job a poem or a history? Is the Song of Songs drama, wedding song, or allegory? Is the Book of Jonah fiction or biography? The certainties of faith do not depend upon these and kindred uncertainties of criticism. To build the former on the latter is to build the eternal on the temporal, the assured on the doubtful. To confound them is to confound life and literature, character and criticism.

Consider the conditions which the Presbyterian Church in the city of New York is at the present time confronting. It has its life in a city in which all the forces of evil are seen at their worst. There are hundreds of women deliberately ministering to lust, thousands of men deliberately ministering to self-indulgence in appetite, other thousands engaged in every form of robbery from gambling to burglary; others, in both political parties, with their arms up to their elbows in the public treasury; others giving themselves wholly to greed of gain, and indifferent to public welfare; others living in idle luxury while poverty goes unrelieved and crime unrebuked; others who never heed a church bell or hear a church prayer, and who live without God and without hope in the world. The Presbyterian Church was until within a comparatively short time the strongest Church in this city, with the greatest power to rebuke and resist these evils, and to preach that Gospel of the love of God which Christians profess to believe is the real and radical remedy for them. And it is now invited to turn aside from this business to battle over such questions as, Was the Fourth Gospel written by the Apostle John or the Presbyter John? Is the Book of Acts a coherent and continuous history, or a series of historical memorabilia? Are we to observe the Lord's Supper because it is reported that Christ commanded us to do so, or because our love and loyalty to him prompt us to do so unbidden? The Presbytery has done well to respond to this invitation by affirming the simple and self-evident distinction between the certainties of faith and the theories of criticism.

If all Presbyterians could lay aside the polemical spirit long enough to ponder, and, pondering, apprehend and accept, two simple principles—no one but the teacher is responsible for his individual teaching; and the certainties of faith are neither dependent upon nor are to be identified with the uncertainties of criticism—the next meeting of the Presbytery might well be a meeting for thanksgiving, and its future might be expected to repeat the history so graphically and tersely given in the Book of Acts: "Then had the churches rest, . . . and were built up, and, walking in the fear of the Lord, and in the comfort of the Holy Ghost, were multiplied."

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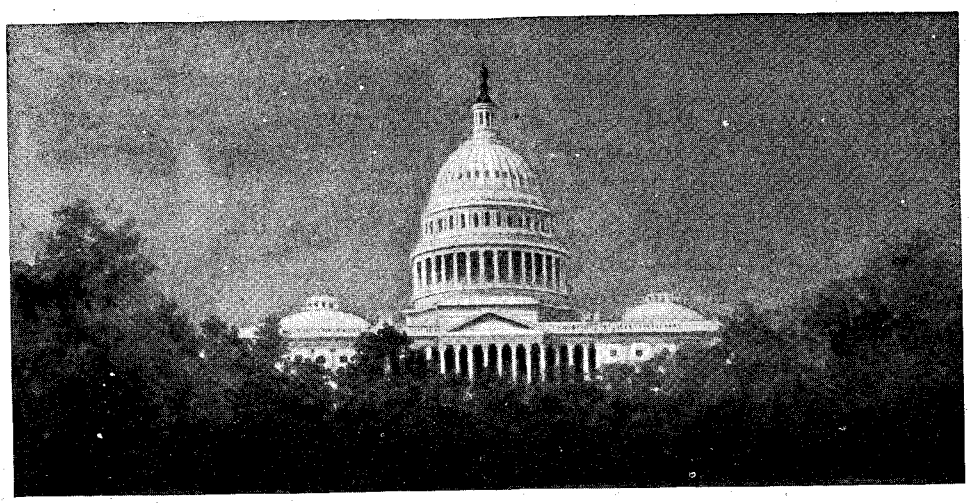

THE PERSONAL SIDE OF THE NEW CONGRESS

BY ISABEL C. BARROWS

A LONG flight of gray stone steps, well worn by the tread of countless feet and the action of the elements, leads up to the rotunda of the Capitol from the east. The welcome winter sunshine enters through the bronze doors with the crowds ever passing in and out. These crowds are the people for whom the laws are made, not the lawmakers themselves. At this early hour the Congressmen are in their committee-rooms, and until noon, when both houses are called to order, the people may wander at will through the spacious building. Some will turn to the right and visit the Supreme Court Room, or go on further into the quiet Senate chamber. Others will find their way into the great hall of the Representatives, to try the different seats, or, ascending the platform, slip shyly into the Speaker's chair, that they may "see how it seems," as they say. It is an intelligent, rather well-dressed, and, on the whole, good-looking crowd. It is self-respecting and law-respecting. When the doorkeeper announces that those not entitled to the floor must leave, they silently and swiftly go to the galleries above, while the seats they vacate are soon filled by Congressmen, whose wives and daughters are in the "Members' Gallery." How do these two sets of people differ in personality from each other? Is there any touchstone by which, let us say, a Filipino could distinguish the men and women who were first on the floor from the men and women who follow them? Or do the representatives of the people in Congress fairly represent their constituents?

In considering the personal element of the Fifty-sixth Congress, little distinction will be made between Senators and Representatives, since both alike are drawn from the people of the land by the will of the people, direct or indirect.

Politically there are four divisions, though two of these are so small that they are like the little pens for calves compared with the wide pastures for the general herd. These divisions of Republican, Democratic, Populist, and Silverite give no hint of the intimate relation which Congressmen sustain to the life and development of the American people. This closer relation can be discerned only by studying their personality. Where did these men come from, and what is the story of their life? The old counting-out words, by which children used to prophesy

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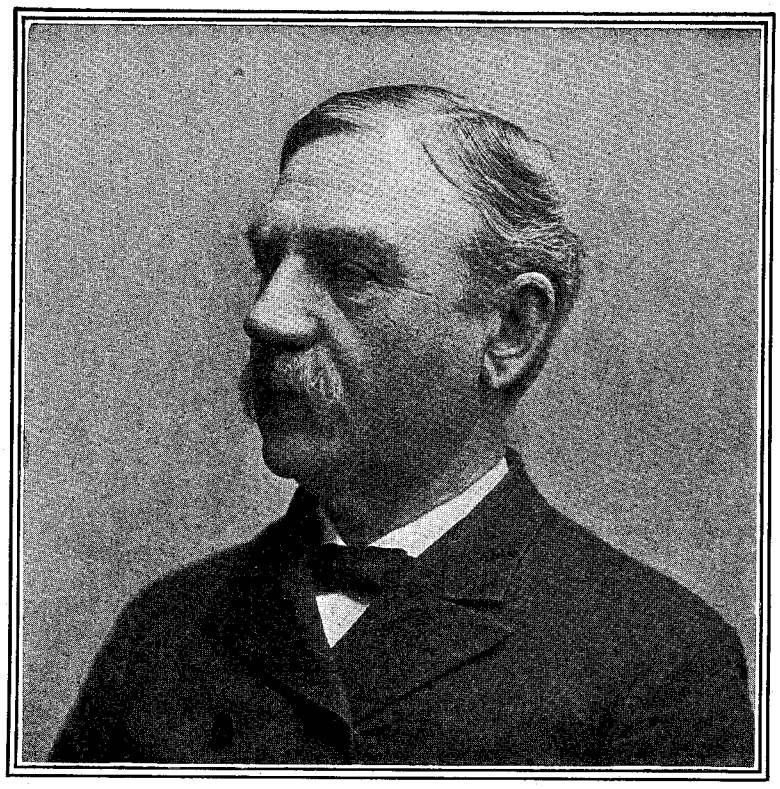

HON. WILLIAM P. FRYE

The new President of the Senate.

their future career, would have to be greatly enlarged to include all the occupations by which these hundreds of men have found their way hither. "Tinker, tailor, soldier, sailor, merchant, lawyer, Indian chief"—they are all there; and if finally enough buttons were lost to have the row end every time with "lawyer," the prophecy would be even more accurate, since of the nearly four hundred and fifty members in both houses at least three hundred and twenty are lawyers. Of the one hundred new members about eighty have studied law. There is one clergyman in the Senate and one in the House; last year there were three. Several men who have studied and practiced medicine are now in the Congressional ranks; a few college professors, a great many who have temporarily been teachers, and a few thoroughly trained educators. At some stage in their career these men have represented almost every aspect of industrial life. In this respect there is no gap between them and the outside world. Probably, however, that was truer of the men who entered twenty years ago than to-day, judging from the sketches of the latest comers, especially those from the Eastern section of the country.

A list of occupations of the members of the present Congress would read much like a page of the city directory. There are printers, editors, journalists, manufacturers; men who have worked with pick and pan in the mines and then at last owned the mines with all their fabulous wealth; coal kings, who began by driving the mules in the underground caverns; mechanics, civil engineers, scientific instructors, machinists; there are house-painters, clothing-cutters, factory hands, sign-painters; a canal storekeeper, merchants, bankers, insurance men, a fruit-canner, lumbermen, boatmen, sailors, railroad and steamboat men; postmasters, real estate agents, wool-dealers, stock-raisers; one African explorer, one actor, one tinsmith, one electrical engineer, one blacksmith, one grain merchant, one oil dealer or manufacturer of petroleum products, one brewer, one paper manufacturer,

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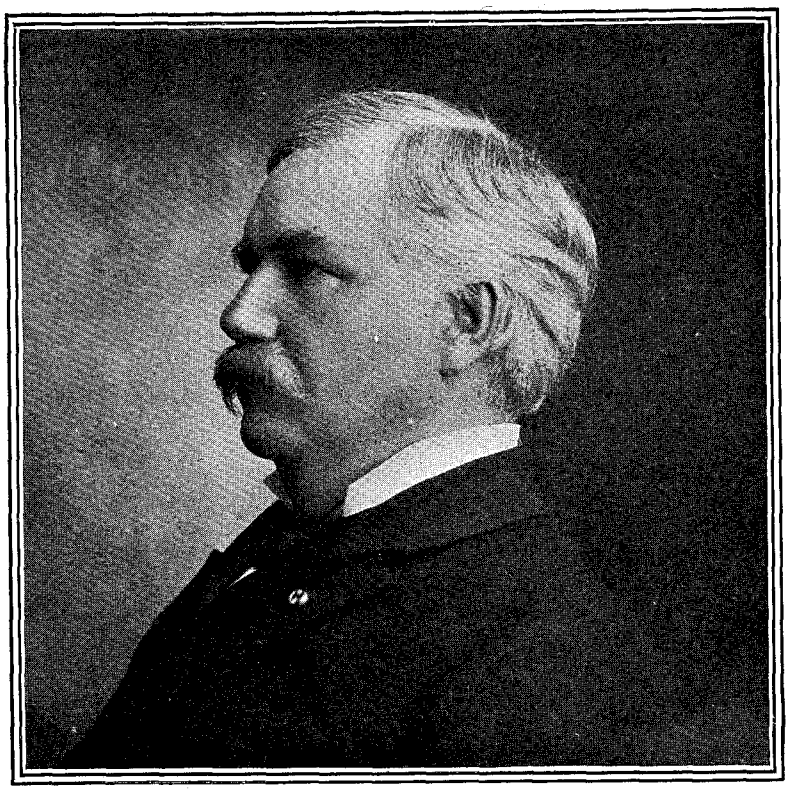

DAVID B. HENDERSON
The new Speaker of the House.

one glove-maker, one boot and shoe maker, one grocer, one nurseryman, one flour miller. Of farmers and cotton and sugar planters and tobacco-raisers there are many. Some of them as lads were cabin-boys or newsboys; one was a page in the Michigan Legislature and one in Congress, while of more than eighty-four it is said that they began work in life on a farm. Probably double that number grew up in country surroundings, but at least eighty were poor country boys who had to earn their daily bread at farm tasks till they were twelve or fifteen, and some of them eighteen or twenty, years old—Speaker Henderson among them, for when his father reached this country from Scotland he had barely five dollars in the world, and little David worked as hard as the others to wrest a living from the earth.

Here, certainly, is an array of callings that must awaken the sympathy of the common folk. If all the members of Congress were put upon an uninhabited island, they could cultivate the soil, raise grain and fruit, and even the pernicious weed; build houses and paint them, cut clothing, make shoes, and, in short, begin life anew with many advantages over Robinson Crusoe; for, beyond meeting the material needs, they could establish schools, write books, have their own physicians and preachers. If in the process some of the lawyers forgot their law and returned to their more primitive trades, perhaps the world would be as well off, though personally the lawyers might not have such full purses. For through the law, as well as through mines and manufactures, many of these men, even those who began lowest, are now wealthy. In making money they have made themselves. Their wealth represents industry, sobriety, honesty, and good judgment—qualities extremely useful in Congress. Few possess inherited wealth, and there is little known here of the luxurious idler. The men pride themselves on the fact that they have made their own way in life; that they are, as they say, "self-made" men, which means, after all, that they have had the genius to make the most of limited opportunities. The wealth

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that they have acquired they use as other Americans do, in this respect being also representative of the Nation at large. Some few with their families make a display, in fine houses and clothes and carriages. They entertain gorgeously and are hospitable to excess. The majority live as is suitable to the American citizen, wisely and comfortably, with plenty for books, pictures, and amusement.

As all occupations are represented in Congress, so are all religions and sects, but this is learned only by accident; for the question never arises. The man may worship in a synagogue or in a Mormon temple; he may kneel to the sweet mother Mary or stand erect through a long Presbyterian prayer—it is not recked in Congress, so long as he is legally and rightfully in his official place as a lawmaker. It is a mistake to suppose that Congressmen are, as a body, men of little religion, pushing, grasping, selfish men. Some of the most modest and retiring men to be found anywhere are here; men who have not sought the place, but whom the place has sought. They are men with strength of character, for to have to hew their way through life, as most have done, gives mental and moral muscle and brawn.

In another way Congressmen stand for the people at home. They represent the nationalities merged in our great seething life, so far as those nationalities have become part of our body politic by naturalization and participation in affairs. To be sure, the faithful Chinese laundryman and the small merchant from the Flowery Kingdom have no spokesman here; the Italian, the Pole, the Hungarian, and the Bohemian have none of their name; but the Germans, French, Scandinavians, Irish, English, Scotch, and Canadians are represented in one or both houses. Yet there are not so many foreign-born as is often supposed; in all, but twenty-three, besides two who were born abroad of American parents—Senator Wetmore and a son of General McClellan. Of these twenty-three, eight were born in England, six in Ireland, two in Scotland, three in Germany, one in Norway, two in Ontario, and one each in New Brunswick, Nova Scotia, and the Duchy of Luxembourg. There is one of Indian descent, and the millions of negroes have one representative, the Hon. G. H. White, of North Carolina, a graduate of Howard University, a lawyer, a clear thinker and good speaker, whose charming wife is a great help to him, and one of whose children comes occasionally into the House with his father and sits in quiet, with wondering eyes, while the proceedings go on. It is not uncommon for children to be seen on the floor of the House. On the opening day a dainty little thing in white, hardly more than a baby, was toddling about the lobby with the proud papa, and one or two little girls occupied seats on the floor from which their mammas would have been ejected as "ineligible."

As the American people with their migratory ways are here to-day and there to-morrow, threading the different States with their ceaseless motion, binding their interests and interweaving their own lives with those of many cities, so here also the membership of Congress represents this tendency. At the first blush one might think that the representatives from any State would naturally be natives of that State. Instead of that, 174 members represent States in which they were not born. This is such an interesting phase of representation that a study of the following table may suggest how important is its bearing in the prevention of too much sectional feeling. The man who was born in Virginia and educated there learns to love it and its associations, and he cannot break those threads of attachment and interest when, like Page Morris, he finds himself representing Minnesota. Indeed, all the men from Minnesota are rather bound to have wide horizons, for of the nine nominally hailing from that State, but one, Mr. Eddy, is a native of Minnesota, and he is the first man ever sent to Congress who was born in that wide-awake State. Some of the older States, as will be seen in the table, have sent only their own children to Congress—Delaware, Louisiana, Maine, Maryland, Virginia, South Carolina. North Carolina and Vermont each send all but one of native birth. Colorado, Idaho, Montana, Nebraska, North Dakota, South Dakota, Washington, and Wyoming are all too young to have reared sons for the National halls of legislation. There is not a native of any of these States in Congress.

The first column shows where the men in the Fifty-sixth Congress were born;

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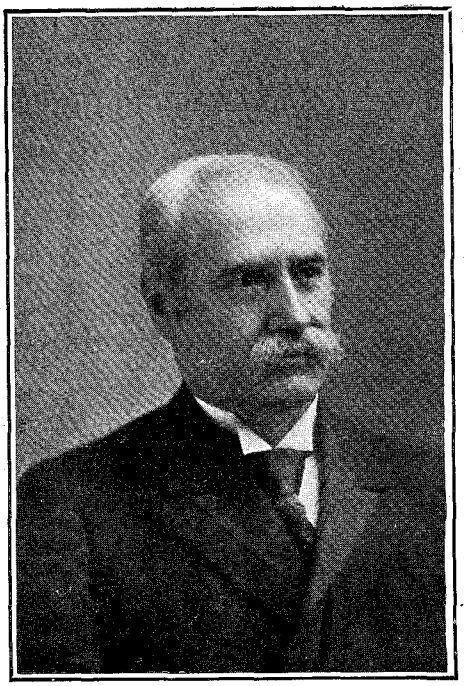
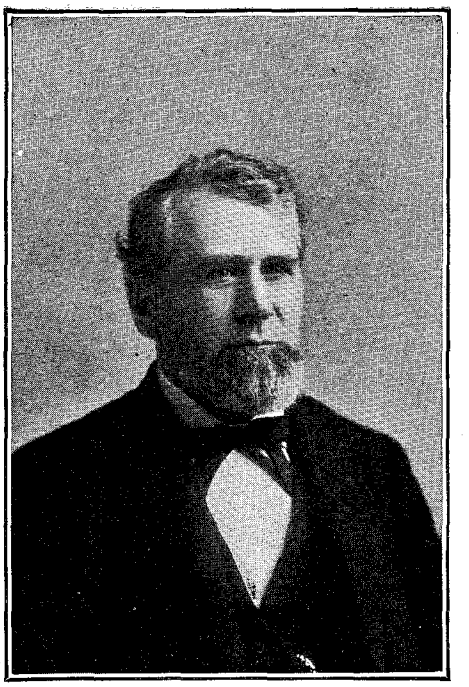
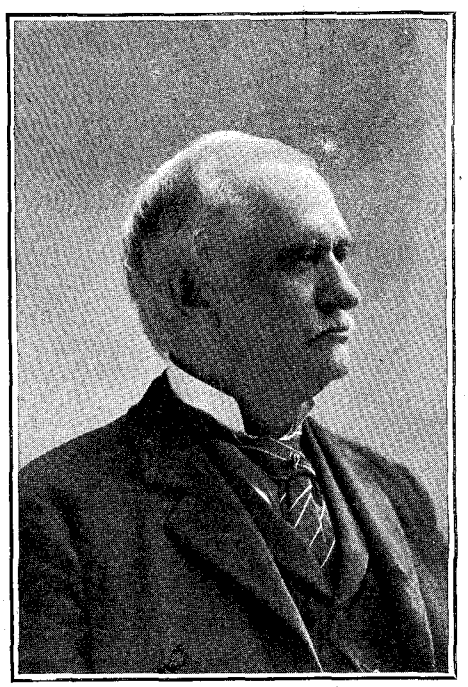


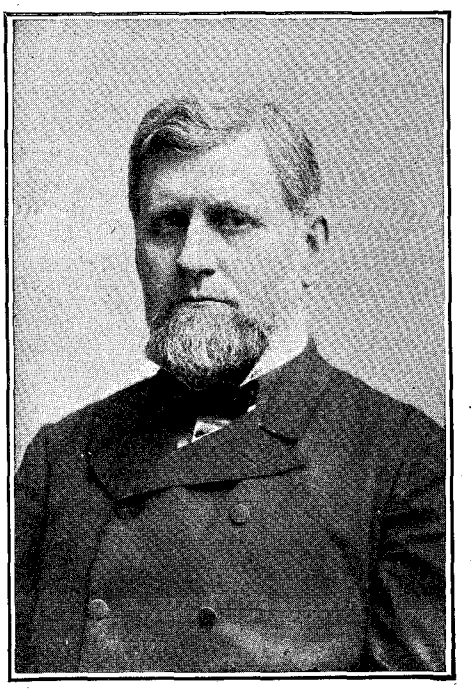
HON. NELSON W. ALDRICH
Rhode Island.



HON. KNUTE NELSON
Minnesota.



HON. JOHN T. MORGAN
Alabama.



HON. W. B. ALLISON
Iowa.

FOUR SENATORS

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the second column, the number of Senators and Representatives to which the same States are entitled; the third column, those now serving who are natives of the State they represent:

Alabama	14	11	8
Arkansas	5	8	4
California	1	9	1
Connecticut	7	6	4
Colorado	none	4	none
Delaware	2	3	2
Florida	1	4	2
Georgia	14	13	12
Idaho	none	3	none
Illinois	19	24	11
Indiana	17	15	11
Iowa	7	13	4
Kansas	1	10	1
Kentucky	17	13	11
Louisiana	8	8	8
Maine	10	6	6
Maryland	8	8	8
Massachusetts	19	15	9
Michigan	6	14	4
Minnesota	1	9	1
Mississippi	11	9	7
Missouri	11	17	6
Montana	none	3	none
Nebraska	none	8	none
Nevada	1	3	none
New Hampshire	3	4	3
New Jersey	7	10	8
New York	50	36	29
North Carolina	12	11	10
North Dakota	1	3	none
Ohio	37	23	19
Oregon	2	4	2
Pennsylvania	38	31	23
Rhode Island	4	4	2
South Carolina	8	9	9
South Dakota	none	4	none
Tennessee	19	12	9
Texas	6	15	6
Utah	1	3	1
Vermont	10	4	3[1]
Virginia	22	12	12
Washington	none	4	none
West Virginia	1	6	1
Wisconsin	7	12	5
Wyoming	none	3	none
TERRITORIES			
Arizona	none	1	
New Mexico	1	1	
Oklahoma	none	1	

New York, the State which has given birth to more Congressmen than any other, though with fourteen of her Congressional children scattered among the various States, has had to adopt seven others from other States and countries to keep up her quota. So with Pennsylvania; with seven Pennsylvania-born Congressmen not accredited to her, she has to borrow eight men to fill her ranks. Little Vermont carries off the palm in this showing, giving to the councils of the Nation twice and a half as many men as she is expected to. Naturally, these lines of influence run East and West as a general thing, but there is a good deal of crossing back and forth between the North and the South, and much more between neighboring Southern States. This knitting together of the social and political fabric gives closer and firmer texture to our great composite commonwealth.

The delight in honoring heroes, which took General Grant from a tent and put him in the White House, was the motive for sending soldiers in large numbers into Congress. At first they were all from the Northern army, but after Southern disabilities were removed the butternut coat hung beside the blue in the Capitol cloakrooms. Year by year there has been a lessening of this element as death and age have claimed the old guards from North and South. With the incoming of the present members came but nine who had fought during the Civil War—five ex-Confederates and four Union soldiers. There are, however, including these, still forty-eight Confederate and eighty Union soldiers on the floor, with one who fought in the Mexican War, one who chased the Nez Percé Indians, and three or four (including "Fighting Joe" Wheeler, who is still in the Philippines) of the new batch of soldiers made by the late Spanish war. It is rather a curious fact that almost all of these ex-soldiers studied law immediately on returning from their battles. How the law schools will fill up when Johnny comes marching home from the Pacific shores! Some of the men in Congress still carry the marks of the old days. General Berry, of the Southern army, lost a leg at the battle of Corinth, as did also General Henderson, fighting on the other side. A hickory cane cut on the battlefield was sent to General Henderson, with congratulations at his election for his fourth term, by Congressman J. M. Allen, of Mississippi, who fought on the Southern side.

If one comes close enough to these men to learn to know their personal characteristics, they will be found to be quite as human as the rest of us, with the same variety of disposition to be discovered in any body of four or five hundred men. They differ in interior make-up as much as they do in external appearance. Little General Wheeler, who would hardly turn the scales at a hundred pounds, did not differ more from Thomas B. Reed, who

[1] And the fourth just over the Canada line.

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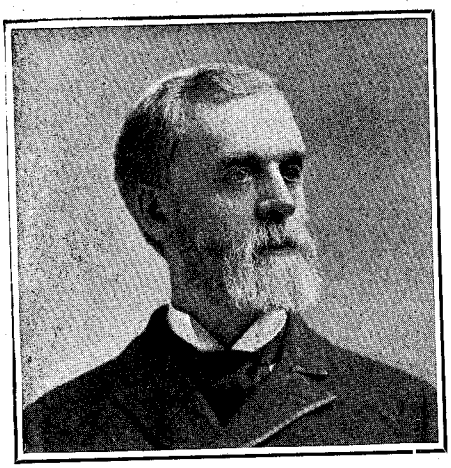
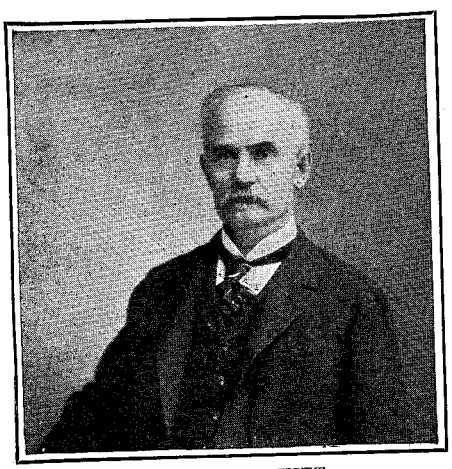


SERENO E. PAYNE
New York.

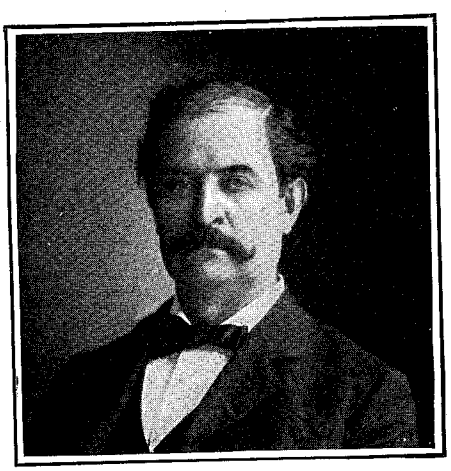
J. P. DOLLIVER
Iowa.

ROBERT W. TAYLER
Ohio.



ROBERT R. HITT
Illinois.

JOSEPH W. BAILEY
Texas.



JOHN M. ALLEN
Mississippi.

A GROUP OF REPRESENTATIVES

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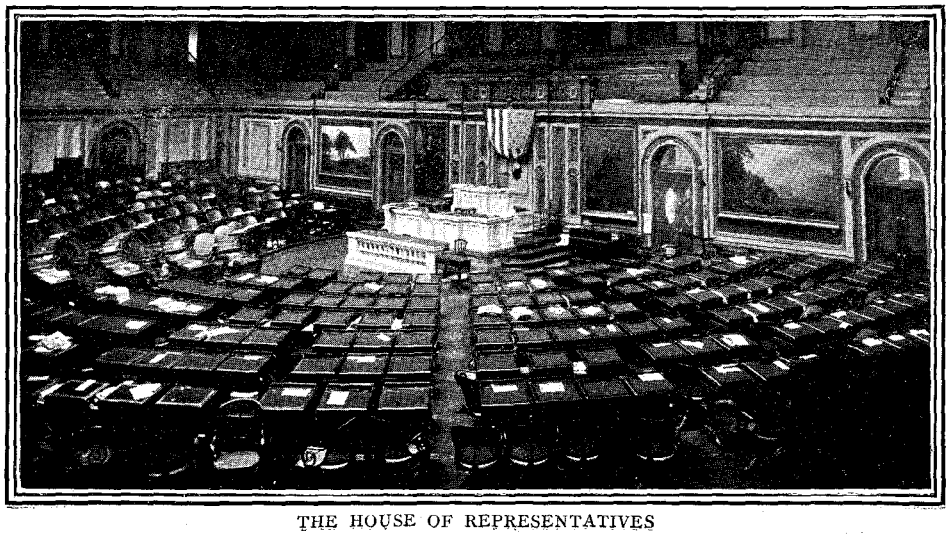
weighed three times as much, than some of the members differ in mental and emotional characteristics. There are men with grace and polish, like polished steel within and without. There are others homespun and hearty, to whom one in distress would turn with ready trust. In general, there is an apparent comradeship, at least between those belonging to either side of the chamber, which shows itself in cordial greetings, in friendly glances, and in a boyish sort of affection, as they chat with arms across each other's shoulders. In some cases their entrance into Congress has been their first appearance in politics. Mr. Dahle was a country merchant, who suddenly woke up and found himself a lawmaker in Washington. Several of the new members have hardly rubbed their eyes open yet to the fact that they are here.

All Congressmen have not the virtues of the best. The pushing, aggressive, "hustling" man is here. He spends much of his time in looking after the repair of his fences at home. His motto is a numerical one: Look out for Number One. He and his like, for he has mates, are not those from whom the world may expect the real public-spirited work.

Americans are reputed to be fond of talk, and there certainly is a great deal of talking in Congress, and there would be more but for that safety-valve, "leave to extend" in the "Congressional Record." To be sure, these extended speeches overload that sheet, but it is better economy to waste printers' ink and presses than time valuable for legislative work. Besides the making of speeches, there is a great deal of hard work in Congress. We are an industrious people, and the men who represent us at the Capital represent that side of us. It is a popular fallacy that Congressmen hang about in idle mood. Those on important committees work day and night, week-days and Sundays. The tariff bill, for instance, imposed a great deal of labor on every member of that Committee during the last Congress. Senator Aldrich, one of the most industrious men in the Senate, nearly broke down by his work on the tariff. The appropriation committees impose an immense amount of work, as does the Indian Committee, which involves appropriations for seven millions of dollars and has four or five hundred bills to consider.

Then there is much to be done for exacting constituents, who make an errand-boy of their Congressman—work which cannot always be turned over to his secretary, but demands visits to the President and departments. These constituents are not always content to apply by letter, but they come in person, and, if inconsiderate, may waste time that can ill be afforded, though the face of the member, which may have scowled a little as the page hands him a visiting-card, is invariably smoothed out before the corridor is reached. One of the simplest and most frequent requests of the out-of-town visitor



THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

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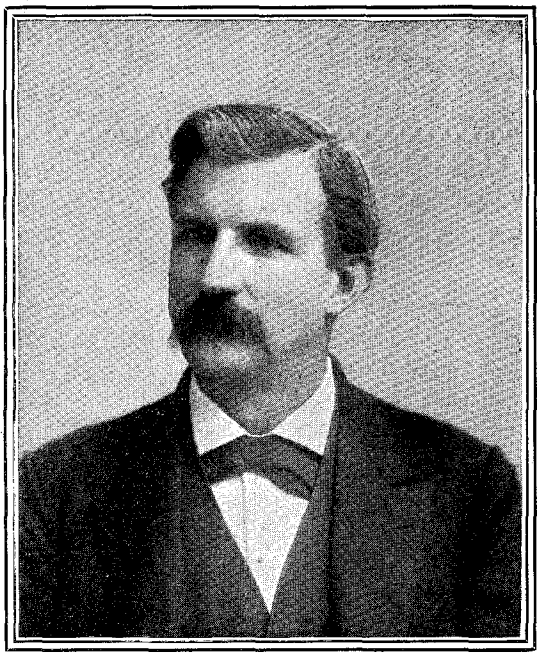
to his Congressman is for admission to the gallery. If it chances to be a leisure moment, the courteous host goes with his country friend to the gallery, and if we were within earshot these are some of the things we should overhear:

"'Who is that tall man?' Oh, that is Mr. Sulloway, of New Hampshire, tall as one of his own hemlocks. 'The one in the chair?' Yes, he is the new Speaker, General Henderson, a genial, hearty, honest, and brave man. He is always approachable, without a tinge of cynicism. A splendid fighter, but a lover of peace and arbitration, as many of the best soldiers are. 'The leader of the Democrats?' It is Mr. Richardson, of Tennessee, a man of large experience as a parliamentarian, who will be long known and honored for his compilation of the Messages and Documents of the Presidents, one of the most valuable documents published by Congress. He, too, is tall, keen, alert, effective in retort, but invariably courteous, and never bitter or personal. A pity that you can't hear Dolliver, one of the finest orators in the House, witty with real Southern warmth, for, though he hails from Iowa, like half a dozen other good speakers he first saw light in Virginia. This is his sixth term. Yonder is Mr. Payne, of New York, who succeeds Mr. Dingley as floor leader of the Republicans, and who has the responsible position of Chairman of the Ways and Means Committee. He is a man of large girth and large brain. He is a good Baptist and interested in Sunday-schools. He always smiles when he is dealing with an opponent, and never indulges in railing accusation. 'That clever-looking man?' That is Sherman, of New York, one of the best presiding officers in Congress—ready, decisive, firm, fair, cool in emergencies, and with a penetrating voice. He is invaluable as Chairman of the large Indian Committee. 'That refined and well-dressed man?' That is Dinsmore, of Arkansas, one of the strongest lawyers on the Democratic side. He does not look much like his colleague, Judge Terry, often dubbed the 'Arkansas Traveler,' who, until he cut his hair, was the most picturesque man in the House, and whose language, spoken with a drawl that outdoes Mr. Reed's, is as picturesque as his looks. That sedate man near the front, Mr. Tayler, of Ohio, has been specially prominent the past ten days for his masterly arraignment of member-elect Roberts, of Utah, defending the right of the House to judge of the qualifications of its members. That youngish man with the hair tossed back and a white cravat is Bailey, of Texas, who entered Congress at twenty-eight and is just beginning his fifth term, one of the best speakers on his own side of the House, a generous, large-hearted man. Yonder sits Mr. Hitt, one of the most accomplished men in the House, whose long residence in France in the diplomatic service, and experience as Assistant Secretary of State, fit him well for his place on the Foreign Relations Committee."



HON. JAMES D. RICHARDSON
The Leader of the Opposition in the House.

And then, as the member sees how fast the time is flitting, he ceases to point out the different men, but groups them in the following way: "With your plan of the House you can find the places where each man sits, and among those you should look up are Bartholdt, who was the Representative, along with ex-Congressman Barrows, at the Inter-Parliamentary Congress in Christiania last summer; Bell,

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the leader of the Populists; Bingham, of Pennsylvania; Brosius, who represents the Quaker element, and who is Chairman of the Committee on Civil Service Reform; Brownlow, of Tennessee, son of the famous old Parson Brownlow; "Uncle Joe Cannon," the watchdog of the Treasury, who, as Chairman of the Committee on Appropriations, has saved the United States millions of dollars; Cousins, of Iowa, who perhaps commands the House all the more because he speaks so seldom, though so well; Hepburn, another powerful speaker; Judge Lacey, a very able lawyer; Hull, Chairman of the Committee on Naval Affairs, who has had great responsibilities the last two years; John Dalzell, one of the three Republican members on the Committee on Rules; De Armond, who ran a close race against Richardson for Speaker in the caucus; De Graffenreid, of Texas, who made a great impression by his speech in favor of the fifty-million appropriation which preceded the late war; Fleming, of Georgia, a man of such independent thought that, like Loud, of Colorado, he votes against his party when he must, and so honest that a sketch of his life says that when in college "he received assistance from Alexander H. Stephens by a loan of money, which was afterwards repaid with interest;" General Grosvenor, a stanch Republican leader; Harmer, the "Father of the House," who always administers the oath to the Speaker, and who is in his fourteenth term; Lanham, who was born in Georgia and emigrated to Texas in an ox-wagon, but who has never been so overpressed in his busy life that he has not had time to commit long poems by Tennyson and other favorites. Then there is McRae, of Arkansas, serving his eighth term, who spoke against Roberts and for the purity of the American home the other day; and Pugh, who came in to Congress on a majority of ten votes, and has been here three terms; Judge Morris, who is constantly told that he looks like Edwin Booth; and hundreds more, for it is idle to designate any but the best known. 'The new men?' Oh, we do not prophesy about them yet. They will have their turn, a fair field and no favor."

When the country guest is bowed away from the House, he wanders over to the Senate Chamber and sits down in the gallery by some old man who harks back to the days of Henry Wilson and Sherman and Dawes and Sumner and Fessenden, saying, with a sigh, "There were giants in those days;" but, with the usual kindliness of the Southerner, he is ready to add a good word for the men still before him, and in short phrases mentions some of their characteristics: "Senator Frye, the new President of the Senate, is not only a good presiding officer, but he stands as firmly by the President as does Mr. Henderson himself, so that harmony in the different departments of the Government may be looked for. Like Mr. Henderson also, he is a peace man, and was a member of the Peace Commission. Senator Nelson, the Norwegian, who commands English as well as his mother tongue, is an able and industrious man. Senators Morgan and Pettus share the honors of old age; but while the former has served twenty-two years in the Senate, the latter was seventy-eight when he began his Senatorial duties. Senator Allison, Chairman of the Committee on Appropriations, is a man of liberal mind, a hard-working man, and one of the pillars of the Senate. It would not be easy to find a more industrious man than Senator Cockrell, of Missouri. For a constitutional lawyer of great power there is Senator Hoar, who has been here twenty-two years. He has the credit of standing for great learning, as his colleague, Mr. Lodge, does for literature. Then there is Senator Chandler, of New Hampshire, whom you will find in his pew in the Unitarian church every Sunday, no matter who else may be there; and Clark, the new Crœsus from Montana; and Daniel, of Virginia, one of the best speakers; and Davis, of Minnesota, who has had plenty to do as Chairman of the Committee on Foreign Relations. It was he who piloted the treaty of peace through the breakers, and a triumph it was, too. And close at hand is that able lawyer, Foraker, and beyond him Senator Hale, Chairman of the Committee on Naval Affairs—from Maine, as is also the Chairman of the same Committee in the House, the Hon. C. A. Boutelle, who was one of the three Republicans who voted against the war. Both are advocates of peace. And there is Mr. Kyle, the clergyman; and Stewart, with the long silvery beard, symbolical of

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his political faith, who began his duties here in 1864, and is probably the only Senator now who served during the war; and Teller, whom every one associates with the Cuban Resolution; and Thurston and Wolcott, the orators; and Vest, who has been here twenty years. And then there are the new men, who have yet their Senatorial spurs to win, of whom Mr. Depew is perhaps the best known, by reputation, throughout the land."

And as the rural traveler turns away, with these kaleidoscopic images in his brain, he remembers, with a little pang of disappointment, that here is Christmas-time, with its story of the birth in the manger, and he has forgotten to have the man pointed out whose birthplace most resembled that—Representative Needham, of California, who, when his parents were crossing the plains to the Pacific coast, was born in an emigrant wagon.

The Foot-Path to Peace

To be glad of life, because it gives you the chance to love and to work and to play and to look up at the stars; to be satisfied with your possessions, but not contented with yourself until you have made the best of them; to despise nothing in the world except falsehood and meanness, and to fear nothing except cowardice; to be governed by your admirations rather than by your disgusts; to covet nothing that is your neighbor's except his kindness of heart and gentleness of manners; to think seldom of your enemies, often of your friends, and every day of Christ; and to spend as much time as you can, with body and with spirit, in God's out-of-doors—these are little guide-posts on the foot-path to peace.

Henry van Dyke.

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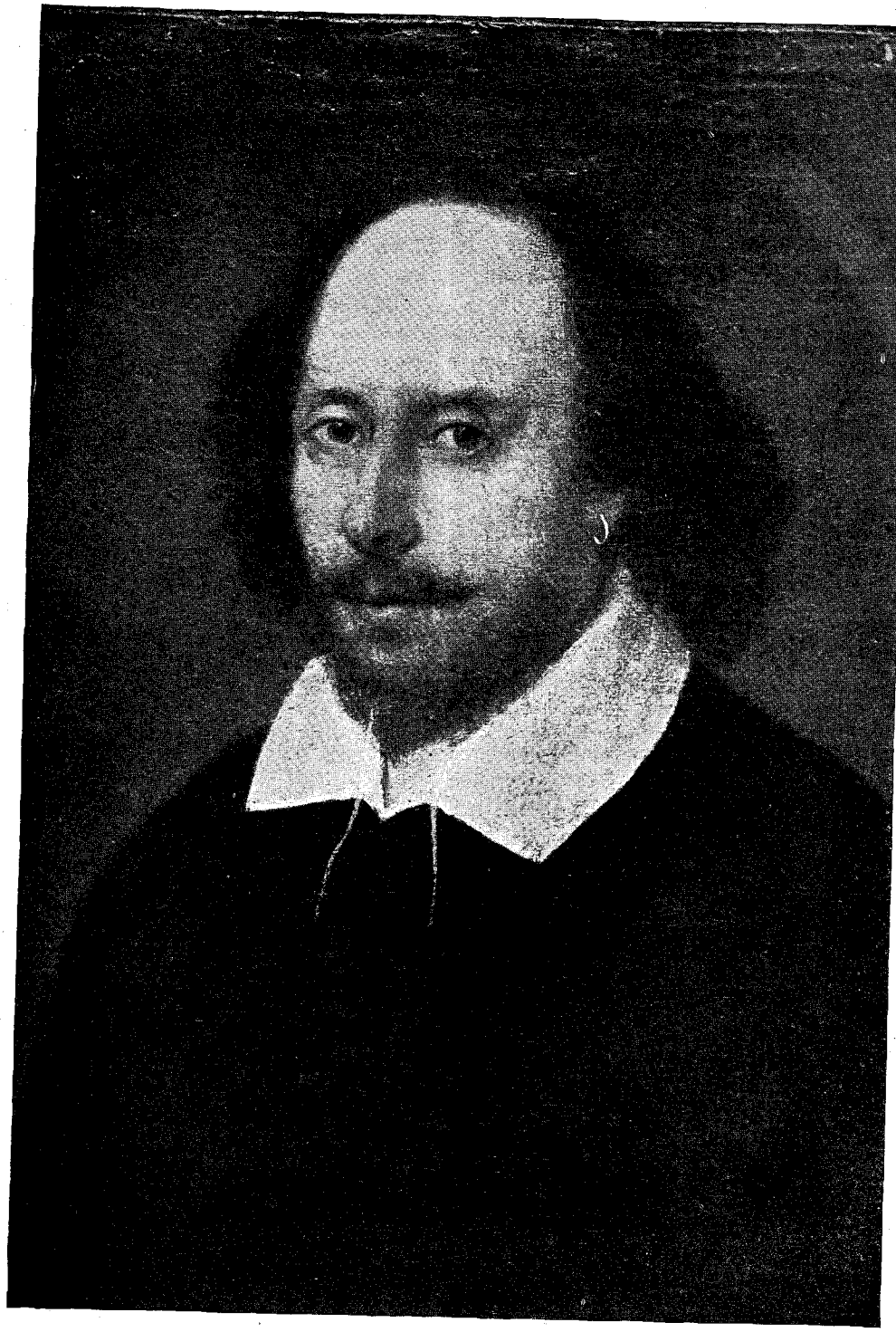

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

The Chandos Portrait. In the National Gallery, London. Attributed to R. Burbage.
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WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE
Poet, Dramatist, and Man

By

HAMILTON WRIGHT MABIE

Part I.

The Forerunners of Shakespeare

THE history of the growth of the drama is one of the most fascinating chapters in the record of the spiritual life of the race. So closely is it bound up with that life that the unfolding of this art appears, wherever one looks deeply into it, as a vital rather than a purely artistic process. That art has ever been conceived as the product of anything less rich and deep than an unfolding of life shows how far we have been separated by historic conditions from any first-hand contact with it, any deep-going and adequate conception of what it is, and what it means in the life of the race. It requires a great effort of the imagination to put ourselves into the attitude of those early men who had the passions and were doing the work of men, but who had the fresh and responsive imagination of childhood; who were so closely in touch with nature that the whole world was alive to them in every sight and sound. Personification was not only natural but inevitable to a race whose imagination was far in advance of its knowledge. Such a race would first create and then devoutly believe the story of Dionysus: the wandering god, master of all the resources of vitality; buoyant, enthralling, mysterious, intoxicating; in whom the rising passion, the deep instinct for freedom which the spring let loose in every imagination found visible embodiment; the personification of the ebbing and rising tide of life in Nature, and, therefore, the symbol of the spontaneous and inspirational element in life; the personification of the mysterious force of reproduction, and therefore the symbol of passion and license.

The god was entirely real; everybody knew that a group of Tyrrhenian sailors had seized him as he sat on a rock on the seashore, bound him with withes, and carried him to the deck of their tiny piratical craft; and everybody knew also that the withes had fallen from him, that streams of wine ran over the ship, vines climbed the mast and hung from the yards, garlands were twined about the oars, and a fragrance as of vineyards was breathed over the sea. Then suddenly a lion stood among the sailors, who sprang overboard and were changed into dolphins; while the god, taking on his natural form, ran the ship into port. Such a being, appealing alike to the imagination and the passions, personifying the most beautiful mysteries and giving form to the wildest longings of the body and the mind, could not be worshiped save by rites and ceremonies which were essentially dramatic.

The seed-time and harvest festivals furnished natural occasions for such a

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worship; the worshipers often wore goat-skins to counterfeit the Satyrs, and so gave tragedy its name. Grouped about rude altars, in a rude chorus, they told the story of the god's wanderings and adventures, not with words only, but with gesture, dance, and music. The expression of thought and feeling was free from self-consciousness, and was like a mirror of the emotions of the worshiper. This ballad-dance, which Mr. Moulton describes as a kind of literary protoplasm because several literary forms were implicit in it and were later developed out of it, was a free, spontaneous, natural act of worship; it was also a genuine drama, which unfolded by easy gradations into a noble literary form. The frequent repetition of the story threw its dramatic element into more striking relief: the narrative gradually detached itself from the choral parts and fell to individual singers; these singers separated themselves from the chorus and gave their parts increasing dramatic quality and distinctness; until, by a process of rude and almost unconscious evolution, the story was acted instead of narrated, and the dramatic poet, when he arrived, found all the materials for a complete drama ready to his hand. It is sober history, therefore, and not mere figurative speech, that the drama was born at the foot of the altar.

And more than eighteen hundred years later the drama was born again at the foot of the altar. Whatever invisible streams of tradition may have flowed from the days of a declining theater at Rome through the confused and largely recordless life of the early Middle Ages, it may safely be assumed that the modern drama began, as the ancient drama had begun, in the development of worship along dramatic lines. In the history of fairy tales and folk-lore, the explanation of striking similarities between the old and the new is to be sought, probably, in the laws of the mind rather than in the direct transmission of forms or materials. When spiritual and intellectual conditions are repeated, the action or expression of the mind affected by them is likely to be repeated. In every age men of a certain temperament dramatize their own experience whenever they essay to describe it, and dramatize whatever material comes to their hand for the purpose of entertaining others. The instinct which prompts men of this temper to make a story of every happening by selecting the most striking incidents, rearranging them, and heightening the effect by skillful grouping, has made some kind of drama inevitable in every age. When the influence of Menander, modified and adapted to Roman taste by Terence, Plautus, and their successors, was exhausted, farces, with music, pantomime, and humorous dialogue, largely improvised, met the general need with the coarse fun which suited a time of declining taste and decaying culture. The indecency and vulgarity of these purely popular shows became more pronounced as the Roman populace sank in intelligence and virtue; the vigor which redeemed in part their early license gave place to the grossest personalities and the cheapest tricks and feats of skill.

The mimes, or players, carried this degenerate drama into the provinces, where taste was even less exacting than in Rome, and the half-heathen world was entertained by cheap imitations of the worst amusements of the Capital. At a still later date, in market-places, on village greens, in castle yards, and even at Courts, strolling players recited, postured, sang, danced, played musical instruments, and broke up the monotony of life at a time when means of communication were few, slow, and expensive. It is difficult for modern men to realize in imagination the isolation of small communities and of great castles in the Middle Ages. The strolling player was welcome, not only because he was entertaining, but because he brought the air of the remote world with him.

The vulgarity and indecency of shows of such an origin, everywhere adapting themselves to popular taste at a time when popular taste was coarse to the last degree, was not surprising. Then, as now, society had the kind of entertainment for which it asked; then, as now, the players were bent on pleasing the people. The Church, having other ends in view, tried to purify the general taste by purifying the amusements of the people, and in the fifth century the players of various kinds—mimes, histriones, joculatores—were under formal ecclesiastical condemnation. The Church not only condemned the players; she excluded them from her sacraments.

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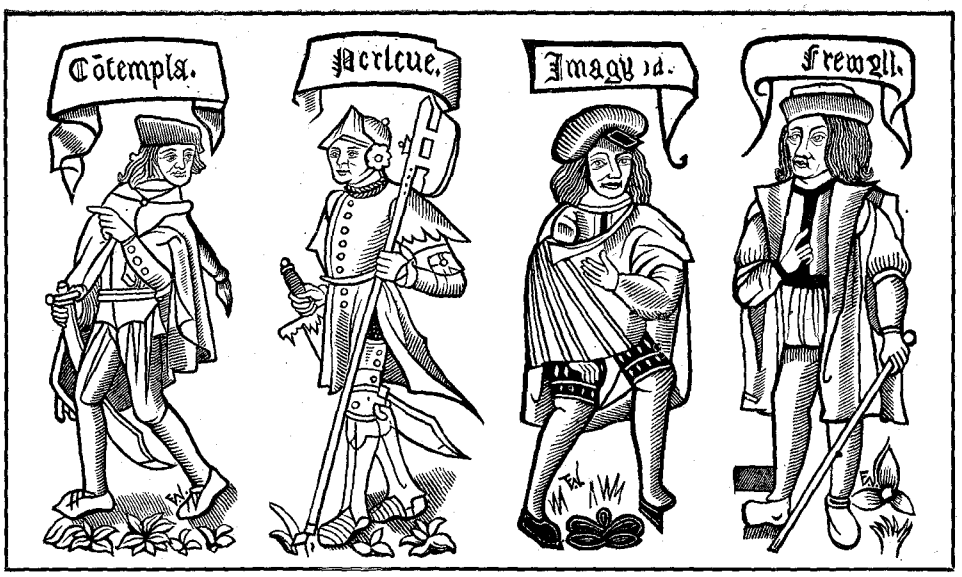

FOUR MORALITY PLAYERS

Contemplation, Perseverance, Imagination, and Free Will. From a black-letter copy of the Morality "Hycke-Scorner."

The players continued to perform in the face of ecclesiastical disapproval, and they found audiences; for the dramatic instinct lies deep in men, and the only way to shut out vulgar and indecent plays is to replace them by plays of a better quality. The play persists, and cannot be successfully banned. This degenerate practice of a once noble art came into England after the Norman Conquest, and the players became, not only the entertainers of the people, but the story-tellers and reporters of the period. They made the monotony of life more bearable.

How much indirect influence this humble and turbid stream of dramatic activity may have had on the development of the English drama cannot be determined; the chief influence in the making of that drama came from the Church. The Church condemned the manifestation of the dramatic instinct, but it did not fall into the later error of condemning the instinct itself; on the contrary, it was quick to recognize and utilize that instinct. It had long appealed to the dramatic instinct in its worshipers; for the Mass is a dramatization of certain fundamental ideas generally held throughout Christendom for many centuries. From the sixth century the Mass was the supreme act of worship throughout western Europe. "In the wide dimensions which in course of time the Mass assumed," says Hagenbach, "there lies a grand, we are almost inclined to say an artistic, idea. A dramatic progression is perceptible in all the symbolic processes, from the appearance of the celebrant priest at the altar and the confession of sins, to the *Kyrie Eleison*, and from this to the grand doxology, after which the priest turns with the Dominus vobiscum to the congregation, calling upon it to pray. Next, we listen to the reading of the Epistle and the Gospel. Between the two actions or acts intervenes the *Graduale* (a chant), during which the deacon ascends the lectorium. With the *Halleluia* concludes the first act; and then ensues the Mass in a more special sense, which begins with the recitation of the Creed. Then again a Dominus vobiscum and a prayer, followed by the offertory and, accompanied by the further ceremonies, the Consecration. The change of substance—the mystery of mysteries—takes place amid the adoration of the congregation and the prayer for the quick and the dead; then, after the touching chant of the Agnus Dei, ensues the Communion itself, which is succeeded by prayer and thanksgiving, the salutation of peace, and the benediction."

In the impressive and beautiful liturgy of the Mass the dramatization of the central mystery of the Christian faith was effected by action, by pantomime, and by music. There was no purpose to be

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A PAGEANT, SHOWING FLOATS ON WHICH WERE GIVEN MIRACLE PLAYS, ETC.

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dramatic; there was the natural evolution of the instinct to set forth a truth too great and mysterious to be contained in words by symbols, which are not only more inclusive than words but which satisfy the imagination, and by action.

The Church did not stop with a dramatic presentation of the sublimest of dramatic episodes, the vicarious death of Christ; it went further and set forth the fact and the truth of certain striking and significant scenes in the New Testament. As early as the fifth century these scenes were reproduced in the churches in living pictures, with music. In this manner the people not only heard the story of the Adoration of the Magi and of the Marriage of Cana, but saw the story in tableaux. In course of time the persons in these tableaux spoke and moved, and then it was but a logical step to the representation dramatically, by the priests before the altar, of the striking or significant events in the life of Christ.

Worshipers were approached through every avenue of expression: the churches in which they sat were nobly symbolical in structure; the windows were ablaze with Scriptural story; altar-pieces, statues, carvings, and pictures continually spoke to them in a language of searching beauty. In some churches the priests read from rolls upon which, as they were unfolded toward the congregation, picture after picture came to view. Christmas, Good Friday, and Easter services inevitably took on dramatic forms, and became beautiful in their reproduction of the touching and tender scenes in the life of Christ, and gruesome in their literal picturing of his suffering and death. The dramatic instinct had been long at work in the development of worship; a play on the Passion, ascribed to Gregory of Nazianzen, dated back to the fourth century. This early drama is a succession of monologues, but it plainly predicts the mystery drama of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries. There was nothing forced or artificial in the growth of this later and more complete drama; a description of a Durham Good Friday service makes us see the easy progression toward well-defined drama: "Within the church of Durham, upon Good Friday, there was a marvellous solemn service, in which service time, after the Passion was sung, two of the eldest monks took a goodly large crucifix all of gold, of the semblance of our Saviour Christ, nailed upon the Cross. . . . The service being ended, the said two monks carried the Cross to the Sepulchre with great reverence (which Sepulchre was set up that morning on the north side of the choir, nigh unto the High Altar, before the service time), and then did lay it within the said Sepulchre with great devotion."

It is easy to follow the dramatic development of such a theme, and to understand how beautiful and impressive worship became when the divine tragedy was not only sung and described, but acted before the high altar by gorgeously robed priests. Thus the drama was born a second time at the foot of the altar. But the time came when the drama parted company with the liturgy, and, as in its development in Greece, took on a life of its own. The vernacular was substituted for Latin; laymen took parts of increasing importance; the place of representation was changed from the church to the space outside the church; the liturgical yielded to the dramatic; humor, and even broad farce, were introduced; the several streams of dramatic tradition which had come down from an earlier time were merged in the fully developed Mystery or Miracle play.

The trade guilds had become centers of organized enterprise in the towns, and the presentation of plays, in which popular religious and social interest was now concentrated, fell into their hands. Cities like York, Chester, and Coventry fostered the growing art with enthusiasm and generosity. By the beginning of the fifteenth century the presentation of the dramas was thoroughly systematized. In some places the Mayor, by proclamation, announced the dates of presentation; in other places special messengers or heralds made the round of the city and gave public notice. The different guilds undertook the presentation of different acts or scenes. Two-story wagons took the place of the stage in front of the church or in the square; on these wagons, or pageants, as they were called, the rude dressing-rooms were on the lower and the stage on the upper story. These movable theaters, starting from the church, passed through all the principal streets, and, at important points, the actors went through their parts

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in the presence of throngs of eager spectators in the windows, galleries, doorways, squares, and upon temporary scaffolds. The plays were in series and required several days for presentation, and the town made the occasion one of general and hilarious holiday.

On the pageants, handsomely decorated, the spectators saw acted scenes with which they had been made familiar by every kind of teaching. The drama in the Garden of Eden was presented with uncompromising realism, Adam and Eve appearing as they were created; the devil played a great and effective part, furnishing endless amusement by his buffoonery, but always going in the end to his own place. Pilate and Herod divided popular attention by their semi-humorous or melodramatic rôles, and Noah's wife afforded an opportunity for the play of monotonous and very obvious masculine wit on the faults and frailty of woman. The construction of these semi-sacred dramas, dealing with high or picturesque events and incidents in Biblical story, was rude; the mixture of the sacred and the comic so complete that the two are constantly merged; the frankness of speech and the obscenity almost incredible to modern taste. It would be a great mistake, however, to interpret either the intermingling of the tragic and the comic or the grossness of speech as indicating general corruption; they indicate an undeveloped rather than a corrupt society. The English people were morally sound, but they were coarse in habit and speech, after the manner of the time. There was as much honest and sober living as to-day; the grossness was not a matter of character, but of expression. Men and women saw, without any consciousness of irreverence or incongruity, the figure of Deity enthroned on a movable stage, with Cherubim gathered about Him, creating the world with the aid of images of birds and beasts, with branches plucked from trees, and with lanterns such as were carried about the streets at night. Religion was not a department or partial expression of life; it was inclusive of the whole range of feeling and action. It embraced humor as readily as it embraced the most serious conviction and the most elevated emotion. It was, therefore, entirely congruous with the deepest piety of the time that grotesque figures, monstrous gargoyles, broadly humorous carvings on miserere stalls, should be part of the structure of those vast cathedrals which are the most sublime expressions in art of the religious life of the race. To read into the grossness and indecency of expression of the fifteenth century the moral significance which such an expression would have in the nineteenth century is not only to do a grave injustice to many generations, but to betray the lack of a sound historic sense. The great dramatists who followed these early unknown playwrights understood that the humorous cannot be separated from the tragic without violating the facts of life; and religion, in its later expressions, would have been saved from many absurdities and much destructive narrowness if the men who spoke for it had not so strangely misunderstood and rejected one of the greatest qualities of the human spirit—that quality of humor which, above all others, keeps human nature sane and sound.

To the Mysteries and Miracle plays succeeded the Moralities. Whether these later and less dramatic plays were developed out of the earlier dramatic forms is uncertain; that they were largely modeled along lines already well defined is apparently well established. No line of sharp division as regards time, theme, or manner can be drawn between the two; although certain broad differences are evident at a glance. The mediæval mind dealt largely with types, and only secondarily with individuals; and the break in the slow and unconscious progression from the type to the sharply defined person, which registers the unfolding not only of the modern mind but of modern art, is not inexplicable. The characters in the Mysteries and Miracle plays were received directly or indirectly from Biblical sources; in the Moralities there was, apparently, an attempt to create new figures. These figures were more abstract and far less human than their immediate predecessors in the pageants, but they may have had the value of a halting and uncertain attempt to create instead of reproduce. The first result was, apparently, a retrogression from the dramatic idea: the earlier plays had shown some skill in the development of character; in the Moralities the stage was surrendered to the per-

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A MYSTERY PLAY IN YORK CATHEDRAL

sonifications of abstract virtues. In place of a very real Devil, reveling in grotesque humor, and an equally real Herod, who gave free play to the melodramatic element so dear to the uncultivated in every age, appeared these very tenuous and shadowy abstractions the World, the Flesh, the Devil, not as actors in the world's tragedy, but as personifications of the principle of evil; with Genus Humanum, Pleasure, Slander, Perseverance, and the Seven Deadly Sins. These prolix and monotonous plays cover a wide range of subjects, from the widely popular "Everyman," which deals, not without dignity, with the supreme experience of death, to "Wyt and Science," which doubtless, on many a school stage, set forth the charms of knowledge, and presented one of the earliest pleas for athletics.

The Moralities beguiled the darkest period in the literary history of England; the tide of the first dramatic energy had gone out, the tide of the second and greater dramatic movement had not set in. There

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A DUMB SHOW

Representing a masque held at a wedding. Copy of a large painting on wood.

were freedom, spontaneity, fresh feeling, poetic imagery, in the ballads; but the Moralities were mechanical, rigid, labored, and uninspired.

The Moralities marked, however, one important step in the development of the English drama; they created opportunities for professional actors, and made acting as a profession possible. The earlier plays had been in the hands of amateurs; men who had, in many cases, considerable skill in acting, but who were members of guilds, with other and different occupations. Side by side with the Mystery and Miracle plays there had percolated through the long period when the English drama was in the making many kinds of shows, more or less coarse and full of buffoonery, in the hands of roving pantomimists, singers, comedians—a class without habitation, standing, or character. Now these wandering performers, many of them doubtless men of genuine gifts cast upon an unpropitious time, found place in companies supported by noblemen and attached to great houses, or in companies which presented plays in various parts of the country in the courts of inns and, on great occasions, in large towns and cities. For all classes dearly loved the bravery, excitement, and diversion of the pageant, the masque, and the play of every kind. The parts were entirely in the hands of men; no woman appeared on the stage until after the time of Shakespeare; the female characters were taken by boys.

The transition from the Moralities to the fully developed play was gradual, and was not marked by logical gradations. The tendency to allegory gave place slowly to the tendency to character-drawing, to the unfolding of a story, and to the humor and liveliness of the comedy. One of the earliest forms which comedy took was the Interlude—a transitional dramatic form with which the name of John Heywood is identified. A London boy, believed to have sung for a time in the choir of the Chapel Royal, Heywood studied at Oxford, was befriended by that great Englishman, Sir Thomas More, and early became attached to the Court of Henry the Eighth as a player. Players were still under social and religious interdict, but Heywood's sincerity as a Catholic withstood the test of the withdrawal of the royal favor at a time when a king's smile was fortune in a most tangible form. There was a manly integrity in the nature of

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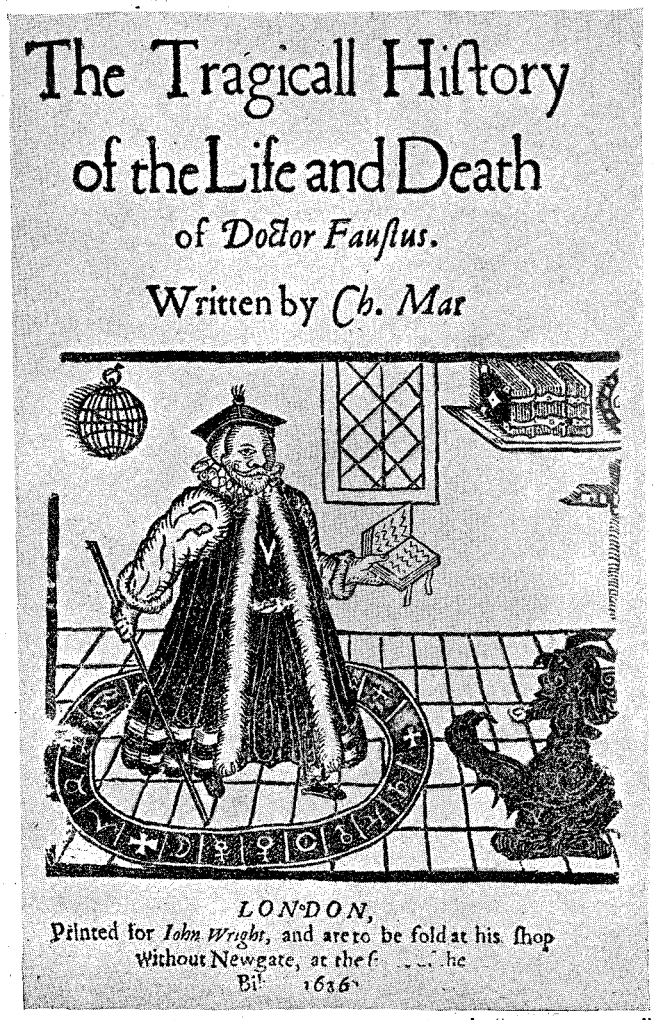
John Heywood, as in that of many of his fellow-actors. The Interlude in his hands was less ambitious in construction than a play; shorter, more vivacious, and much closer to the life of the time. It was often rude, but it was oftener racy, direct, and effective in expression; using the familiar colloquial speech of the day with great effectiveness. The interest turned on a humorous situation, and the dialogue was enlivened by the play of shrewd native wit. In the "Four P's" the characters were so well known that the audience hardly needed the stimulus of wit to awaken its interest. The Palmer, the Poticary, the Pedlar, and the Pardoner brought the playwright and his auditors into easy and immediate contact, and furnished ample opportunity to satirize or ridicule the vices, hypocrisies, and follies of the time. The structure of the Interlude was simple, and its wit not too fine for the coarse taste of the time; but it was a true growth of the English soil, free from foreign influence; the virility, the gayety, and the license of the early English spirit were in it.

"Ralph Roister Doister," the earliest comedy, was produced not later than 1550—perhaps twenty years after the production of the "Four P's." Heywood had shown how to set character in distinct outlines on the stage; Nicholas Udall, an Oxford student, a scholar, holding the head-mastership first of Eton College and later of Westminster School, brought the comedy to completeness by adding to the interest of characters essentially humorous the more absorbing interest of a well-defined plot. Udall was a schoolmaster, but there was no pedantry in him; he felt the deep classical influence which had swept Europe like a tide, but he took his materials from the life about him, and he used good native speech. He had learned from the Latin comedy how to construct both a plot and a play, and his training gave him easy mastery of sound expression; but he composed his comedies in terms of English life. "Roister Doister" was a type of man instantly recognized by an English audience of every social quality; a coward who was also a boaster, whose wooing of a widow, like that of Falstaff, affords ample opportunity for the same rollicking fun. The significance of the piece lay in its freshness, its freedom, and its ease—qualities which were prophetic of the birth of a true drama.

"Gammer Gurton's Needle," a broad, coarse, but effective picture of rustic manners, generally believed to have been


The Tragicall Hiſtory
of the Life and Death
of Doctor Fauſtus.
Written by Ch. Mar
LONDON,
Printed for John Wright, and are to be ſold at his ſhop
Without Newgate, at the ſ
Bi 1636

TITLE-PAGE FROM CHRISTOPHER MARLOWE'S "DR. FAUSTUS"

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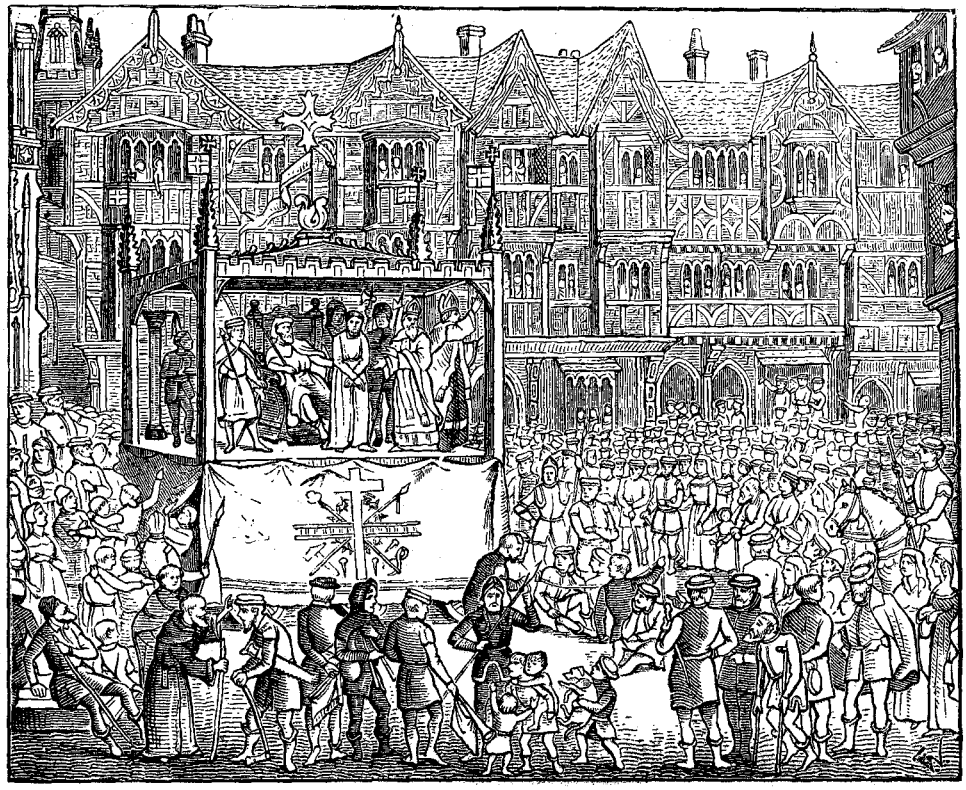
written by John Still, a Lincolnshire man by birth, a Cambridge man by education, and a Bishop by vocation, marks the first appearance of the fully developed farce in English, and is notable for vigorous characterization in a mass of vulgar buffoonery. That such a piece should come from the hand of the stern divine, with Puritan aspect, who lies at rest in Wells Cathedral, and that it was performed before a college audience in Cambridge, shows that the social and intellectual conditions which permitted so close a juxtaposition of the sacred and the vulgar in the Mystery and Miracle plays still prevailed. The saving grace of this early dramatic writing was its vitality; in this and its native flavor and its resistance to foreign influence lay its promise.

The earlier development of comedy as compared with tragedy is not difficult to account for. Tragedy exacts something from an audience; a certain degree of seriousness or of culture must be possessed by those who are to enjoy or profit by it. Comedy, on the other hand, appeals to the untrained no less than the trained man; it collects its audience at the village blacksmith's or the country store as readily as in the most amply appointed theater. Moreover, it kept close to popular life and taste at a time when the influence of the classical literatures was putting its impress on men of taste and culture. Italy, by virtue of its immense service in the recovery of classical thought and art, and in the production of great works of its own in literature, painting, sculpture, and architecture, was the teacher of western Europe; and such was the splendor of her achievements that what ought to have been a liberating and inspiring influence became a danger to native originality and development. Italian literature came into England like a flood, and, through a host of translations, some of masterly quality, the intellectual inequality of a difference of more than two centuries in culture was equalized with astonishing rapidity. In that age of immense aptitude for knowledge, the art and scholarship of a more mature people was assimilated with almost magical ease. The traditions of the classical stage for a time threatened the



A MIRACLE PLAY AT COVENTRY
From an Old Print

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THE TALBOT INN—CHAUCER'S "TABARD"
Where the early players often raised their rude stage.

integrity of English art, but in the end the vigor of the English mind asserted itself; if the classical influence had won the day, Ben Jonson would have secured a higher place, but Shakespeare might have been fatally handicapped.

"Ferrex and Porrex," or, as the play is more generally known, "Gorbodoc," was the earliest English tragedy, and is chiefly interesting as showing how the influence of Seneca and the sturdy vigor of the English genius worked together in a kind of rude harmony. The manner shows the Latin influence, but the story and the spirit in which it is treated are genuinely English. Sir Philip Sidney, whose culture was of the best in point of quality, found "Gorbodoc" full of "stately speeches and well-sounding phrases, climbing to the height of Seneca his style," but notes the failure to comply with the traditional unity of time. Sackville, one of the authors of this vigorous play, stood in relations of intimacy with the Court of Elizabeth, became Chancellor of the University of Oxford, and Lord High Treasurer of England. His work in "The Mirror of Magistrates" brings out still more clearly the deep seriousness of his spirit. Norton, who collaborated with him in the writing of "Gorbodoc," was a man of severe temper, a translator of Calvin's Institutes, and a born reformer. Such men might be affected by the classical influence; they could hardly be subdued by it. In the excess of action, the rush of incident, the swift accumulation of horrors, in this sanguinary play, Seneca would have found few suggestions of his own methods and temper. The blank verse in which it is written, however, came ultimately from Italy through the skillful adaptation of Surrey.

The integrity of the English drama was assured when the playwrights, now rapidly increasing in numbers, turned to English history and produced the long series of Chronicle Plays, to which Shakespeare owed so much, and which furnished an inaccurate but liberalizing education for the whole body of the English people. In these plays, probably covering the entire field of English history, the doings and the experiences of the English race were set forth in the most vital fashion; English history dramatically presented became a connected and living story. It developed the race consciousness, deepened the race feeling, made love of country the passion which found glorious expression in "Henry V.," and prepared the way for the popular appreciation of the noblest dramatic works. This dramatic use of national history made the drama the natural and inevitable expression of the English spirit in Elizabeth's time, and insured an art which was not only intensely English but intensely alive. The imagination trained by the Chronicle Plays was ready to understand "Hamlet" and "Lear."

Bale's "King Johan," "The True Trag-

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edy of Richard III.," "The Famous Victories of Henry V.," "The Contention of the Two Famous Houses of York and Lancaster," "Edward III.," and kindred plays, not only furnished material for Shakespeare's hand, but prepared Shakespeare's audiences to understand his work. These plays practically cover a period of four centuries, and bring the story of English history down to the Armada.

In close historical connection with the Chronicle Plays must be placed the long list of plays which, like "Cardinal Wolsey," "Duchess of Norfolk," "Duke Humphrey," and "Hotspur," drew upon the treasury of English biography and dramatized individual vicissitude and fate; and the plays which, like the "Downfall of Robert Earl of Huntington," developed the dramatic uses of legendary history. It would not be easy to devise a more stimulating method of educating the imagination and preparing the way for a period of free and buoyant creativeness than this visualization of history on the rude but intensely vitalized stage of the sixteenth century.

One more step in this vital expression of the English spirit was taken by Shakespeare's immediate predecessors and by some of his older contemporaries. Such a play as "Arden of Feversham," which has been credited to Shakespeare by a number of critics, brought the dramatic form to a stage where it needed but the hand of a poet of genius to perfect it. There was still a long distance between the plays of this period, however, and the balance, harmony, and restraint of Shakespeare. "Arden of Feversham," and a host of dramas of the same period, are charged with power; but he who reads them "sups on horrors." Lyly's comedies were acted, with one or two exceptions, before Queen Elizabeth, and were mainly, as Mr. Symonds suggests, elaborately decorated censers in which incense was lavishly burned to a Queen incredibly avid of adulation and flattery. As a writer of comedies for the Court, the author of "Euphues" influenced the language of the later dramatists far more deeply than he influenced the drama itself. He made an art of witty dialogue, and repartee became in his hands a brilliant fence of words; it remained for Shakespeare to carry both to perfection in "Much Ado About Nothing."

When Shakespeare reached London in 1585, he found the art of play-writing in the hands of a group of men of immense force of imagination and of singularly varied gifts of expression. During the decade in which he was serving his apprenticeship to his art England lost Peele, Kyd, Greene, and Marlowe; Nash, having become a physician, died in 1625. Every member of this group, with the exception of Marlowe, was born to good conditions; they were gentlemen in position, and scholars by virtue of university training. They were careless and, in some cases, violent and criminal livers; men born out of due time, so far as adjustment between genius and sound conditions was concerned, or committed by temperament to unbalanced, disorderly, and tragical careers. Greene, after a life of dissipation, died in extreme misery of mind and body; Peele involved himself in many kinds of misfortune, and became the victim of his vices; Nash lived long enough to lament the waste and confusion of his career; the splendid genius of Marlowe was quenched in a tavern brawl before he had reached his thirtieth year. He who would pass a sweeping and unqualified condemnation on this fatally endowed group of ardent young writers would do well to study the times in which they lived, the attitude of society towards the playwright, the absence of normal conditions for the expression of genius such as they possessed, and the perilous combination of temperament and imagination which seems to have been made in each. It is futile and immoral to conceal or minimize the faults and vices of men of genius; but it is equally futile and immoral to attempt to determine the exact degree of moral responsibility and to reach a final judgment.

Greene was a born story-teller, without having any marked gift for the construction of strong and well-elaborated plots; his study of character was neither vigorous nor convincing. Nash was, on the other hand, a born satirist, with a coarse but very effective method, and a humor often grotesque but always virile. Peele was pre-eminently a poet of taste, with a gift for graceful and even elegant expression, a touch of tenderness, and a sensitiveness of imagination which showed itself in his use of the imagery of mythology. Lodge wrote dull plays and lightened

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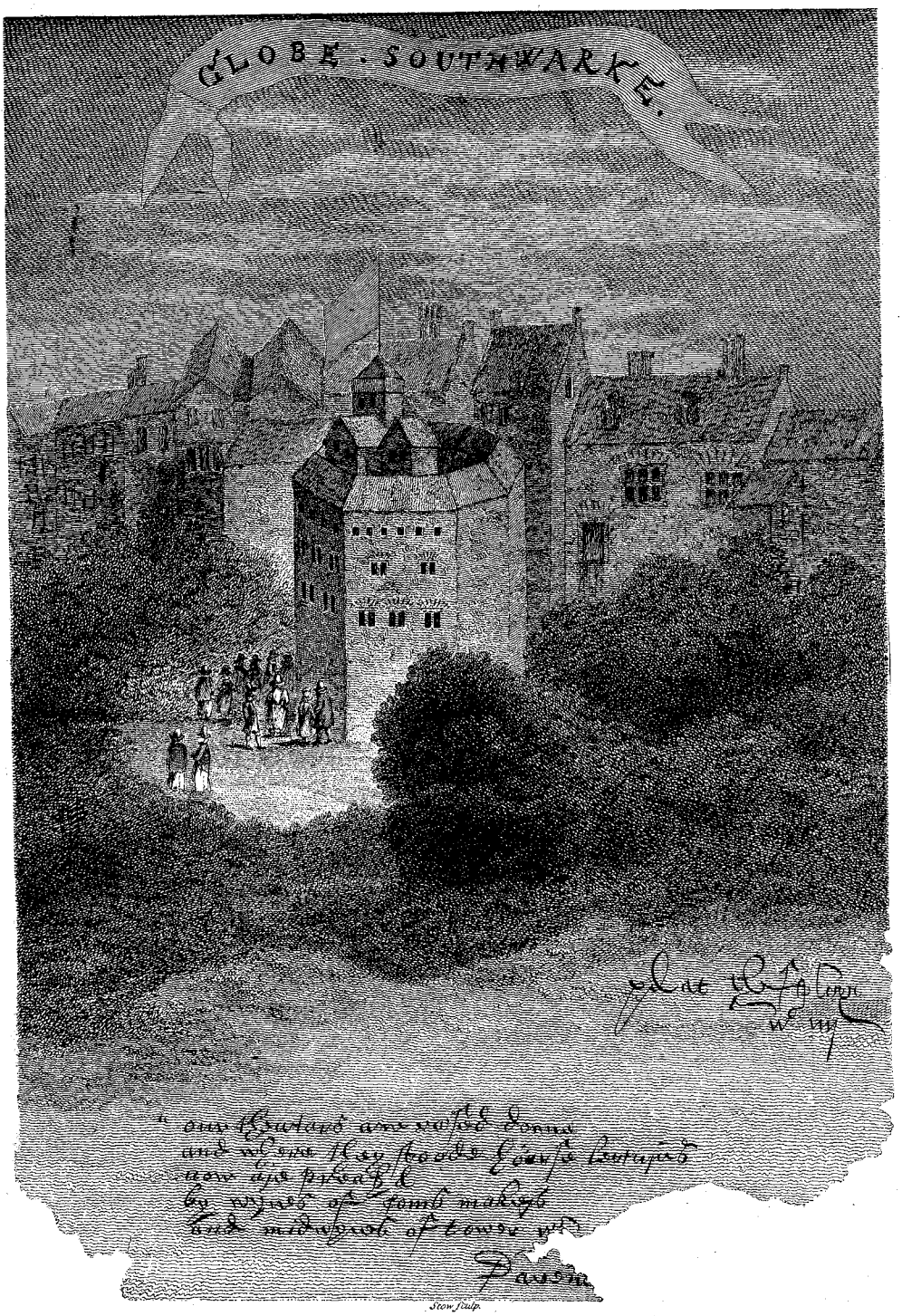

THE GLOBE THEATRE,

BANKSIDE, *SOUTHWARK.*

Built in 1599, and rebuilt in 1613. Here many of Shakespeare's plays were first presented.
From a drawing in Pennant's "London."

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them by the introduction of charming songs.

Marlowe was the creative spirit of this group of accomplished playwrights. The son of a Canterbury shoemaker, he took his Bachelor's degree at Cambridge, and arrived in London, "a boy in years, a man in genius, a god in ambition." His ardent nature, impatient of all restraint and full of Titanic impulses, found congenial society on the stage and congenial work in play-writing. His life was as passionate and lawless as his art; his plays were written in six turbulent years, and his career was one of brief but concentrated energy. The two parts of "Tamburlaine," "The Massacre at Paris," "The Jew of Malta," "Edward II.," and "Dr. Faustus," the glowing fragment of "Hero and Leander," and a few short compositions, among them the exquisite "Come live with me and be my love," evidence the depth and splendor of Marlowe's genius and the lack of balance and restraint in his art. He gave English tragedy sublimity, intensity, breadth, and order; he freed blank verse from rigidity and mechanical correctness, and gave it the freedom, harmony, variety of cadence, and compelling music which imposed it upon all later English tragedy. Neither in his life nor in his art did Marlowe accept the inevitable limitations of human power in action and in creation; he flung himself passionately against the immovable barriers, and grasped at the impossible. But his failures were redeemed by superb successes. He breathed the breath of almost superhuman life into the English drama both as regards its content and its form; for he was even greater as a poet than as a dramatist.

> . . . his raptures were
> All air and fire . . . ;
> For that fine madness still he did retain
> Which rightly should possess a poet's brain.

He left but a single step to be taken in the full unfolding of the drama, and that step Shakespeare took: the step from the Titan to the Olympian.

A Cry for Work

By Charlotte Elizabeth Wells

GOD! give me work! To thee I cry.
The busy millions pass me by;
They have no need for such as I.

O God of life, hast thou no need for me?
Worthless to them, have I no worth to thee?
Not of thy children, and yet doomed to be!

I cry to thee! Dear eyes upon me gaze,
Dear loving eyes that slow with hunger craze.
O Father God! a father to thee prays!

To work! only to work! with hand or brain,
In sweat of brow, with labor's toil and stain,
The worker has his joy for every pain.

See, Lord—the useless hands are raised on high,
From out despairing hearts is wrung the cry;
Oh, listen ye—forever passing by!

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The Outdoor Recreation League

By Arthur Henry

LADDER EXERCISE

THE rapid change taking place in the lower portion of the East Side of New York, which for years has been the most disreputable tenement-house district in America, is principally due to four agencies—the Educational Alliance, the Park Board, the Outdoor Recreation League, and the School Board. The fact that these four organizations, representing different elements of our society, have accidentally met on common ground, while separately working out theories of reform, and the fact that all alike are remarkably successful in their efforts to educate and uplift the people, is the best possible evidence of the rapidity with which the spirit of liberality and progress is spreading. It is proof also that the visions of philanthropists, their efforts, and even their failures, have not been in vain. Out of the long struggle have come certain well-defined methods which produce actual and lasting results. The persistence with which a portion of each generation has sought to benefit the ignorant or depraved and lift them a little nearer to the light of the times must keep steadfast, for those who see it, a faith in the surviving virtue of mankind and the greatness of its ultimate destiny. And who is there who can fail to see it? What if the path along which the race has traveled be strewn with the ruins of temples it has reared? The good and the beautiful that was in them all has been preserved. In the débris behind us we will find nothing but the evidences of the ignorance in which we once dwelt. In our progress no good thing is lost. In these times of ours, when the clamor against social inequality is loudest, efforts to increase the comfort and health of the poor, to make wise the ignorant and correct the tendencies of the seemingly vicious, are more successful than ever before. The truth of this statement will be apparent enough to any one who visits the vast tenement districts of New York after an absence of five years. Where once stood solid blocks of buildings, dingy and dirty beyond description, breeding disease and crime, are now large areas for the admission of air and sunlight. The city has removed whole blocks and created grassy parks for the free use of the people. For ten years a number of wealthy and influential Jews have conducted, at a cost of over $50,000 a year, an organization known as the Educational Alliance, which has for its sole purpose the conversion of the poorest and most ignorant people of that district into intelligent men and women and patriotic citizens, without

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THE PUBLIC PLAYGROUNDS

regard to creed or nationality. After years of experiment and many failures, they have at last succeeded in creating a body of citizens numbering several thousands which should be a credit to any community.

All the public schools have been provided with libraries, reading-rooms, kindergartens, and gymnasiums during the last two years, and have allured into contact with their refining, health-giving, and educational influence some 30,000 children daily.

While the Park Board, the School Board, and the Educational Alliance were each moving along lines of their own towards the same goal, other forces representing widely divergent interests were also at work. In the fall of 1897 two groups of men, not acquainted with each other or aware of each other's purposes, were endeavoring to get the park department to establish outdoor gymnasiums in the crowded districts. These two bodies of men, representing the Social Reform Club and some of the athletic clubs of the city, met each other by accident in the offices of the Park Board. The Park Board agreed to allow a gymnasium to be established in the East River Park on Eighty-fifth Street. The Social Reform Club desired to locate it on the lower half of the park, while the members from the athletic clubs preferred the upper half. Finding that they were all working with the same object in view, and that they would probably meet with better success by uniting their forces temporarily, they came together and agreed upon a location. The Strong administration drew to a close, and nothing was done that year. The athletic clubs abandoned the project for a time, but the Social Reform Club appeared before Mayor Van Wyck after he came to office, and were unfavorably received. A meeting of the Club was held, and it was proposed to call a conference of all those who had formerly been interested in the matter. The meeting was held in the Young Men's Christian Association building. An organization was effected, committees were appointed, and the work of agitation was actively begun. This was in the spring of 1898. The new organization was named the Outdoor Athletic League. It did not have a penny to begin with, and was composed almost entirely of people who could not themselves afford to support extensive philanthropies, but whose enthusiasm and energy were unlimited for the cause they had championed. The city had just created Seward Park by removing the

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SEWARD PARK, NEW YORK CITY

tenements in the three blocks bounded by Hester, Norfolk, Division, and Essex Streets, one of the most crowded regions of the East Side. They removed the buildings, but did not improve the place. The entire three blocks were filled with heaps of rubbish, and the cellars of the houses that had been torn down were left open. All through the recent Spanish-American war, the boys, and even many of the men, of the district converted these holes and the remaining rooms of the buildings into forts and battlefields for the purposes of a mimic war. Norfolk Street, over which the tide of conflict most frequently rolled, was the scene of many a bloody encounter. The teachers in the Norfolk Street school say there was not a room during the school term free from bruised and bandaged heads, and a good per cent. of the worshipers in the neighboring Jewish synagogue bore evidences of this strife of the streets. On one side of Norfolk Street was the camp of the Spaniards, while the American forces were intrenched upon the other. On either side floated the flags of the two nations. Both forces were armed with revolvers. Stones were used as missiles, which did so much damage to passers-by that over and over again the police were called upon and arrests were made by the wholesale—whole battalions at a time. Almost every night, in the midst of the flashing of blank cartridges, and the shouts and cries of the contending forces and of those who were injured by flying missiles, patrol-wagons would come clanging upon the scene and as many of the belligerents carried away as could be accommodated. They were taken to Essex Market, and fined from two to ten dollars each. This failed, however, to suppress the disturbances, and order was restored only when the Outdoor Recreation League appeared upon the scene. It received permission from Park Commissioner Clausen to occupy as much space as was desired. Agents of the League worked for two months securing a petition, which was finally presented to the Board of Estimate and Apportionment, asking for money sufficient to level off the ground and fence it in. In this work of securing signatures the public-school teachers of the district willingly co-operated; but, strange to say, it was impossible to secure the interest of the Rabbis. When the petition was presented, Mayor Van Wyck supported it with great alacrity, and an appropriation of $12,000 was secured. When the ground had been prepared and inclosed, an effort was then

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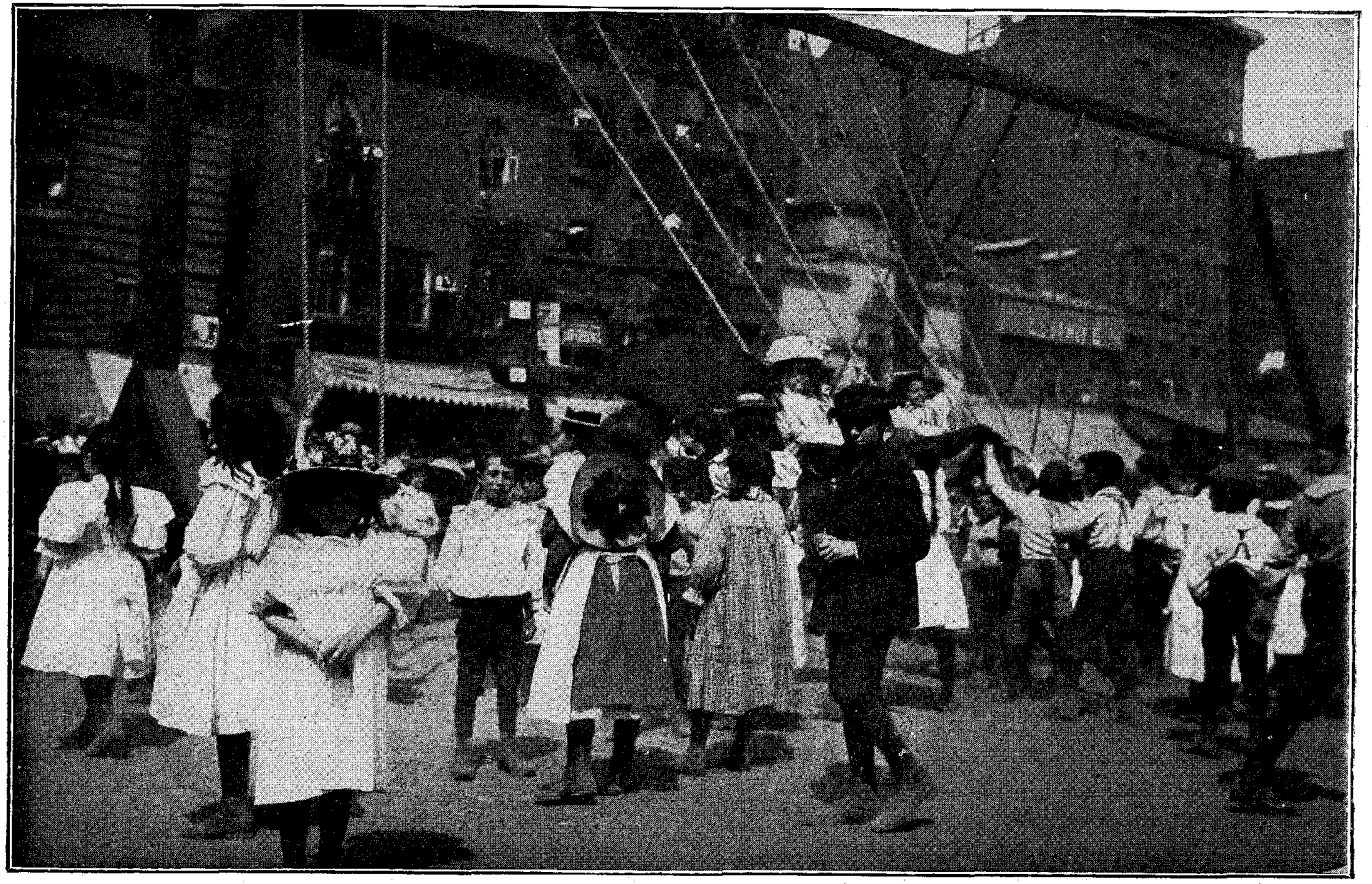

CHILDREN ENJOYING THE SWINGS

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made to get the Park Board to supply the apparatus needed and to assume the support of the place. The Park Board, however, was not inclined to do this. It was not sure that to equip and run outdoor gymnasiums could be properly considered a municipal function.

Mr. Stover, one of the officers of the League, then went before the Board and asked: "Will you permit the Outdoor Recreation League, at its own expense, to test the desires of the people in the vicinity of Seward Park, to find out whether they would like to have an outdoor gymnasium there?" Permission to do this was granted. "Then," said Mr. Stover, "if we find that they would, will you, when you improve the park, spending, as you must, from $150,000 to $200,000 upon it, include a gymnasium among the improvements?" This was also informally agreed to. Mr. Stover asked when this would be done, and was told that it would probably not be later than the following year or the summer of 1899. All this was important to the League, as it had up to this time not a cent in the treasury. The work of soliciting money was immediately begun, and a few thousand dollars secured. It required $1,600 to equip the grounds with apparatus, and it has cost ever since $850 a month to support this place, with two other similar ones located in other parts of the city.

After the place was cleaned, the people still continued to dump in rubbish. Every morning, at first, crates of rotten eggs and any quantity of spoiled fruit and garbage would be found in the inclosure. This has now altogether ceased. It was not prevented, however, by force or vigilance. It would require an army to protect by such methods so large a space in such a crowded district as this. Here, in fact, is one of the evidences of the influence of this work upon the people. Thousands of them have used these grounds daily for the past two seasons, and have ceased of their own accord to misuse them. Any violation of order or decency so far as these premises are concerned is now quickly resented, not only by those who constantly resort there, but by the whole neighborhood. The grounds were formally opened on June 3, 1898. The athletic element in the League prepared a programme for the day. They brought the best athletes from all parts of the city, and gave an exhibition for the purpose of teaching the neighborhood what a gymnasium was for and the uses of the various apparatus. It was an entertainment such as the greater portion of the people had never seen. Enormous crowds gathered. It was necessary, however, on this first day to keep the grounds comparatively clear, and seventy policemen were required for this purpose. Captain Brown estimated the crowd at from 25,000 to 30,000, and the daily papers ranged from 15,000 to 100,000. Spectators covered the fences, house-tops, and fire-escapes, swarmed upon the streets, and peered from the windows. Again and again the crowd broke through and slipped over the fence. Some boy, breaking through the line of police, would be followed by a flood of men, women, and children, who, seized by one of those uncontrollable impulses which so readily take possession of the Latin races, would sweep over the inclosure as irresistibly as the waters through a broken dam. The police, by the most heroic labors, would eventually succeed in driving them back, and the interrupted programme would be continued.

The following day the place was thrown open to the public. The turmoil and confusion were terrible. Fully 15,000 people swarmed about the inclosure, and it was utterly impossible to control them at all. Mr. Stover, in describing the scene, says: "They climbed over the iron piping of some of the apparatus eighty feet long and twenty feet high, reminding me of monkeys hanging tail to tail in circles from the trees of a tropical forest. They rushed about in gusts, and all day long. One might have thought the place was in possession of a colony of giant ants in a panic." No effort was made at first to maintain order. Little by little, however, individuals were found who really wished to learn the proper uses of the apparatus. These were soon gathered into companies, which grew by rapid degrees until a sentiment was formed among the people themselves sufficiently strong to make rules and regulations possible. Now but one policeman is required, and his services could easily be dispensed with. Last summer a splendid gymnastic exhibition was given here by a team which was the sole

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product of Seward Park. The gymnasium occupies the lower part of the field, and is for young men. The upper part, which is smaller, is the playground for the boys and girls and kindergarten establishments. The attendance at this latter place is about five thousand daily. The main cause of disturbance here is the constant demand for water. There is a small drinking-fountain there with two faucets. But this supply is entirely inadequate. The people of this district can obtain drinking-water only from the hydrants, one of which is in each tenement yard. In order to reach these the people must pass through the houses. The children who swarm the streets will go for a long time, even when thirsty, without a drink before taking this trouble to secure it, and it is a significant thing to see how eagerly they flock about these hydrants in the playgrounds which are convenient to their hands. "I found," said Mr. Stover, "that from the first the kindergarten teachers were unable to do their work. They were kept busy from morning until night serving out water and attempting to keep order at the fountain. When our friends would come to see us, saying, 'Can I help you?' I would answer, 'Look about, and you will see that we do need help. Look at that fountain.' We invested in six immense tin buckets and a dozen drinking-cups, and throughout the month of June, for three hours a day, six assistants stood by this fountain, dealing out water, filling bucket after bucket, lining the children up in rows of one hundred at a time, and having them come one by one for a drink.

"A Commissioner from the Park Department said, 'We will furnish you with a fountain,' but it has not yet appeared. If we ever secure money enough, we shall put in a large water-circle with twenty-five running cups, for our efforts to teach the children in any systematic manner will be seriously interfered with until this is done."

Besides Seward Park, the Outdoor Recreation League has fitted up and is operating similar places, one bounded by Sixty-eighth and Sixty-ninth Streets, Amsterdam Avenue, and the Boulevard, and the other overlooking the Hudson River at Fifty-third Street and Eleventh Avenue. This latter place was, in fact, the first open-air gymnasium in New York City. It was opened in August, 1898. As has been said, it was simply the purpose of the League to prove to the Park Board that there was a demand for such institutions, expecting that when this was proved the city would take them off its hands.

From the beginning until the present time, the story of their labors has been one of unceasing energy, a doubtful struggle for sufficient funds, and the most unqualified success of their undertaking, so far as the effect upon the people is concerned. The people in the neighborhood of these places have helped to support them by penny subscriptions. Young people's clubs have been formed for the purpose of giving entertainments to raise money for these gymnasiums. Several thousand donations have been received of from one to five cents each, from people to whom these pennies meant more than as many dollars to those who support the charities of the country. It requires about $7,000 to run these three places during the season. The League is now making an effort to have electric lights placed on the grounds, so that they can be used at night; and it is the intention also, if possible, to keep them in operation all winter. Whatever may be the season, it would be better for the boys and young men of these neighborhoods to be exercising in the open air than forced to find shelter in the crowded tenements, and their only amusement in disreputable resorts and dives.

The League has found its principal difficulty in securing money in the fact that most people who know anything of these places at all are under the impression that, being upon park property, they receive assistance from the city.

The Park Board and the city of New York have certainly accomplished a remarkable thing in securing and removing the buildings from large tracts of valuable land in these crowded portions. It seems now, however, that the spirit of liberality and progress must lead them further, until they are brought to see that a wise provision for the recreation and physical development of the people can be properly included among the functions of a municipality. There is, in fact, not a large city in America that could not profitably support such places.

It has been sufficiently demonstrated

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that the majority of children, even of the vilest community, can be lifted from the squalor of their surroundings by being brought into contact with a purer and lovelier life.

What has already been accomplished in New York proves that a more universal effort along the same lines could in a few generations practically wipe out its quarters of uncleanness, and lead hundreds of thousands of its people into wholesomer and happier lives.

We may not be able to change to any great extent the formed characters of those who have matured in an atmosphere of squalor and vice, but the kindergarten, the manual-training classes, and the free gymnasiums of these later times have demonstrated that the boys and girls of even the worst communities may be influenced to a remarkable degree.

When Mr. Stover was asked what the Recreation League would do when the Park Board took the gymnasiums into its own hands, he replied: "We will leave these places we have established and seek for new grounds. We cannot have too many of them in New York. I would have kindergarten tents and gymnasiums wherever there is vacant land. We are learning how to enlighten children and the older boys and girls by meeting them on their own grounds. It has required a number of years of this kind of work to develop enough capable teachers to make these methods a success, but we now have them. The kindergartens produce wiser instructors, and the fruits of these outdoor gymnasiums have already appeared in hundreds of young fellows who have acquired a knowledge, not only of the best methods of exercise and its benefits, but the principles of order, decency, and fair play, and they are willing enough to pass this knowledge on.

"Every park in every city of the country should have playgrounds, gymnasiums, and kindergarten tents, under experienced directors and teachers. When we have sufficiently demonstrated what these things will do in New York, we will start similar movements in other cities. Let these things be done thoroughly, and many of our social problems will disappear."

Three Things

By Madison Cawein

There are three things of earth
  That help us more
Than those of heavenly birth
  That we adore;
Than love or faith or hope,
For which we strive and grope.

The first one is Desire,
  Who takes our hand
And fills our hearts with fire
  None may withstand;
Through her we're lifted far
Above both moon and star.

The second one is Dream,
  Who leads our feet
By an immortal gleam
  To visions sweet;
Through her our forms put on
Dim attributes of dawn.

The last of these is Death,
  Who sits between
The other two; a breath
  Seen and unseen:
Through him we may behold
Ourselves with kings enrolled.

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LORD ROBERTS

COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF OF THE BRITISH FORCES IN SOUTH AFRICA

LORD ROBERTS is an Indian by birth; he was born in 1832 at Cawnpore. His father and mother were Irish. General Sir Abraham Roberts, his father, was already a distinguished Indian and Afghan fighter. His mother was the daughter of Major Bunbury, of the 62d Foot, Kilfeacle, County Tipperary, Ireland. Frederick Roberts thus breathed a certain military air from his earliest consciousness. Though he is a pygmy as regards size, his appearance and manner have always been typically martial, and, with the ripe experience of a long life, he has become an ideal warrior—both martial and military. Like many another Indian-born child of British parents, he was early sent to England to establish a proper physical foundation, as well as to take advantage of educational facilities to be had only there. He went successively to Eton, to the Royal Military College at Sandhurst, and to the Training School of the East India Company at Addiscombe. When twenty years old, he reported at the headquarters of the Bengal Artillery at Dumdum, near Calcutta. He was assigned to a native field battery, and was then posted with a mountain battery at Peshawar, where he remained until 1857, when he was promoted to a First Lieutenancy. Throughout the Mutiny Lieutenant Roberts acted as Deputy Assistant Quartermaster-General, and afterward was invalided to England. In 1860 he returned to India, became Captain, and later Major. From 1863 to 1872 he was Assistant Quartermaster-General. His duties in the frontier campaigns were performed with marked coolness and courage. In 1867 he was obliged to go for a short time to the aid of the Abyssinian Expedition, with the result to him the following year of an appointment as Lieutenant-Colonel. From 1872 to 1875 he was Deputy Quartermaster-General. In 1875 he was brevetted full Colonel. In 1878 he was placed in command of the Punjab force, and made General. He captured Kabul and Kandahar, and subdued all Afghanistan. In 1881 he was appointed to command the forces in South Africa. In 1885 he became Commander-in-Chief of the army in India, and ten years later was succeeded by Sir George White, now besieged at Ladysmith.

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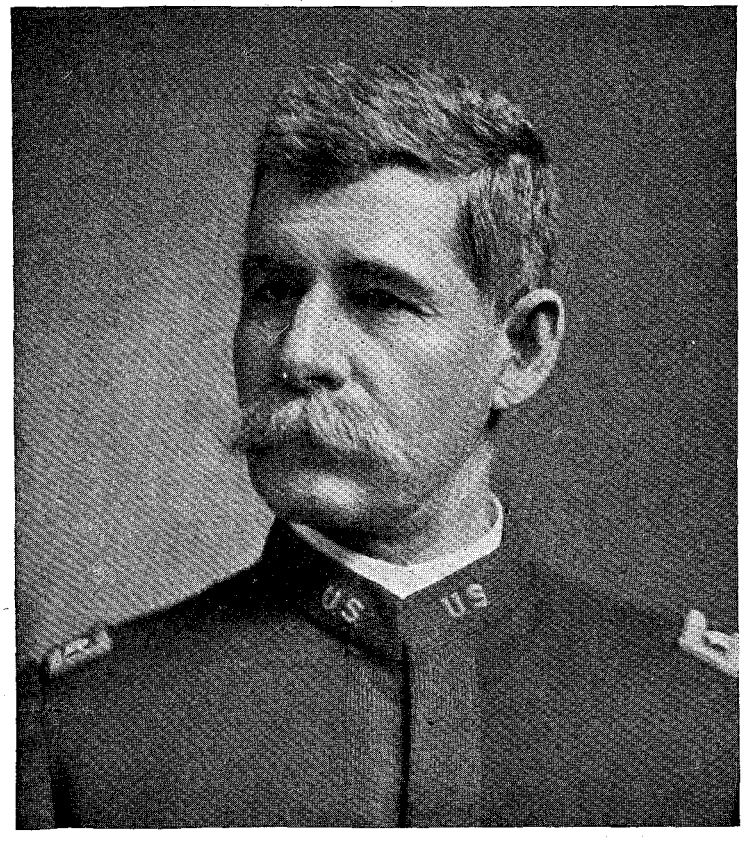

Major-General Henry W. Lawton

Killed at the head of his troops December 10

SINCE the death of General Custer there has been no more dashing, brilliant, and picturesque soldier in the United States Army than General Lawton. His services in the Philippines were as signally brilliant as, years before, they had been in the Indian campaigns. "There is always good fighting when Lawton's around," was a common phrase among his men, who idolized him because he never spared himself, and because his rule always was to lead men rather than to send them. The pursuit and capture of the Apache chief Geronimo in 1886 was the most notable exploit of Lawton's Indian fighting.

The cavalrymen chased the Indians over the deserts and into the mountains. Their horses gave out and they followed afoot. Their rations gave out and they lived on what they could gather as they moved. They actually ran Geronimo down. One day one of the old chief's braves came into camp with a message. Geronimo wanted to talk, and Lawton went alone to him. An Apache is no more trustworthy than a mad dog, but Lawton sat down with the treacherous chief in the midst of his warriors and powwowed with him to such effect that he presently led him and his war party prisoners to General Miles.

In the Philippines General Lawton led his column again and again through woods, across streams, and over mountains, in a hostile country, cut off from his supplies and baggage. Personally, General Lawton was a man to catch a soldier's eye; he was six feet three inches in height, weighed two hundred pounds, and was remarkable for his activity and powers of endurance.

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Mrs. Bedford Fenwick, of London, is a pioneer worker in the effort to establish trained nursing on the basis of a profession. She was before her marriage the matron of St. Batholomew's Hospital in London from 1881 to 1887. She is the editor of the "Nursing Record and Hospital World," of London, and during the Turco-Grecian War she led a corps of nurses to the field for active service. She is intensely earnest in her convictions, and is gifted with persuasive power in proclaiming them by voice and pen.

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THE EVOLUTION OF THE TRAINED NURSE[1]

BY MRS. BEDFORD FENWICK

EVOLUTION is proverbially a slow process, and when we come to define the trained nurse of to-day it is necessary to take a retrospective glance through many past ages to grasp her present position in the body politic; and that we may acquaint ourselves with the extent of her development we must study the source of her inspiration.

We have first the unskilled aid—developing, in many instances, by constant practice, into a considerable amount of skill—prompted by the desire to render service to humanity.

Next, a period when a short hospital training was given, but in which blind obedience to orders, without any knowledge as to the reasons for the duties required, was considered adequate.

Thirdly, we have, as at present, the higher skill attained by prolonged practical work, combined with an intelligent comprehension of underlying principles—the development, in short, of the Science of Nursing, which necessarily followed that of the science of medicine.

It is this, as was pointed out to nurses by an eminent surgeon, which constitutes the chief charm of their work. "Perfection to-day is but a stepping-stone to the knowledge of to-morrow;" there is "an ever-widening field of infinite progress in the future."

Nursing being recognized as a scientific calling, it follows, both in the interests of the public and of thoroughly qualified nurses, that the minimum standard of the education which is essential must be defined, and that those nurses who successfully attain to it must receive the recognition of the State, as in the case of men's professions. We have seen that the art of nursing forms one branch of the practical application of the science of medicine. This is a fact which is not as yet universally acknowledged or understood. It has been stated that skilled nursing is the servant of medicine and surgery. I claim for it a closer bond. Rather, is not the art of nursing the legitimate offspring of these great sciences, a sweet-faced daughter who has grown up in these latter days, and who has proved to us, by her evolution, that the development of medicine and surgery would be impracticable and defective without her supplementary aid? For instance, the prolongation of a life wasted by fever, and hovering for days on the verge of dissolution, and the almost certain satisfactory results of the most exquisite and intricate surgical operation, are to an unacknowledged extent the reward of intelligent nursing, when the smallest deviation, by an ignorant woman, from the scientific treatment prescribed might, and has, cost the patient his life.

Although it is not until within the last half-century that the art of sick nursing based on scientific principles has been systematically studied, yet from the earliest ages of which we have any historical record the sick have been tended and the art of healing has been practiced.

The names of the celebrated Greek physicians are handed down to us side by side with the great warriors and poets. Humanity does not begin its era with Christianity. Hospitals built by the Buddhist kings of Ceylon and Cashmere existed for centuries before the birth of Christ. The Hindus raised their "sick houses" for animals as well as men centuries before the first Christian xenodochium.

In spite of the celebrity of the ancient physicians, we find little mention of special buildings for the sick among the classical nations of antiquity. There were apartments connected with the temples of Æsculapius for the sick who worshiped at his shrine. Separate tents were pro-

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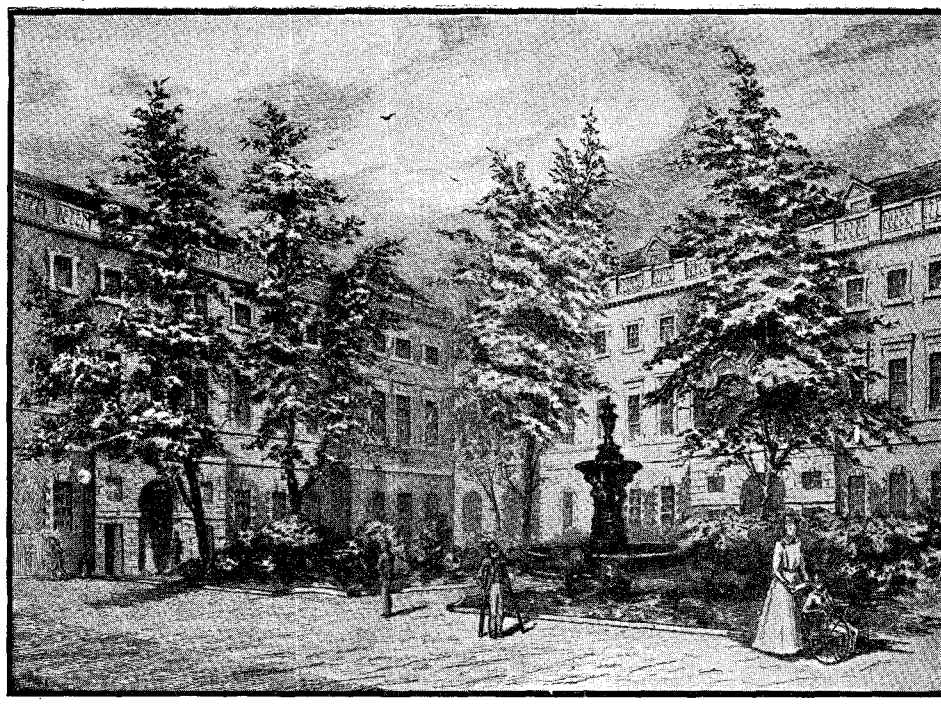

ST. BARTHOLOMEW'S HOSPITAL

vided for the wounded Roman soldiers; there were houses for sick slaves; but beyond these, there were no buildings analogous to our modern hospitals, so far as nursing matters are concerned. The nations of antiquity were hospitable, with an Eastern magnificence, to strangers and guests; but the care of the sick, poor and rich, was left to their own households, and it was the Christian religion that placed the absolute nursing of the sick on another basis. Compassion had existed before. It had always been "pleasing to the gods" to succor the friendless; but the Christian carried out in his deeds of mercy the spirit of the great parable that is carved above so many hospital doors, and which teaches us that he that hath need of us is our brother.

The earliest houses founded by the Christians for the destitute were called *xenodochia—i. e.*, strangers' or guests' houses. They were generally built outside the gates or along the main street of a city, and were open for the reception of strangers and pilgrims, the sick, the poor, and even the mad. Orphanotrophia (orphan asylums) and other charitable institutions appear later, but none seem to have kept strictly to one form of charity except the *nosocomia*—hospitals for diseases, chiefly founded during epidemics. The earliest records we have of xenodochia are found in the East, in Asia Minor, where they existed in the third century, and soon became very numerous.

Though the care of strangers and of the sick was enjoined in old monastic rules, yet the earlier nosocomia were not nursed by monks and nuns, but by lay brotherhoods and sisterhoods. The reason is not difficult to find. The old monastic life was too strictly contemplative to be compatible with a work calling for such energetic practical contact with the outside world, and it was not until Orders were established whose special duty was the nursing of the sick, such as the Franciscans, that an active part was taken in organized nursing. But the management and direction of the endowments early fell into the hands of the Church.

It was long after hospitals had been established and endowed in the East that anything of the kind existed in western or northern Europe. The slow progress made by Christianity, the uncivilized condition of the people, and the continued war and invasions that desolated the

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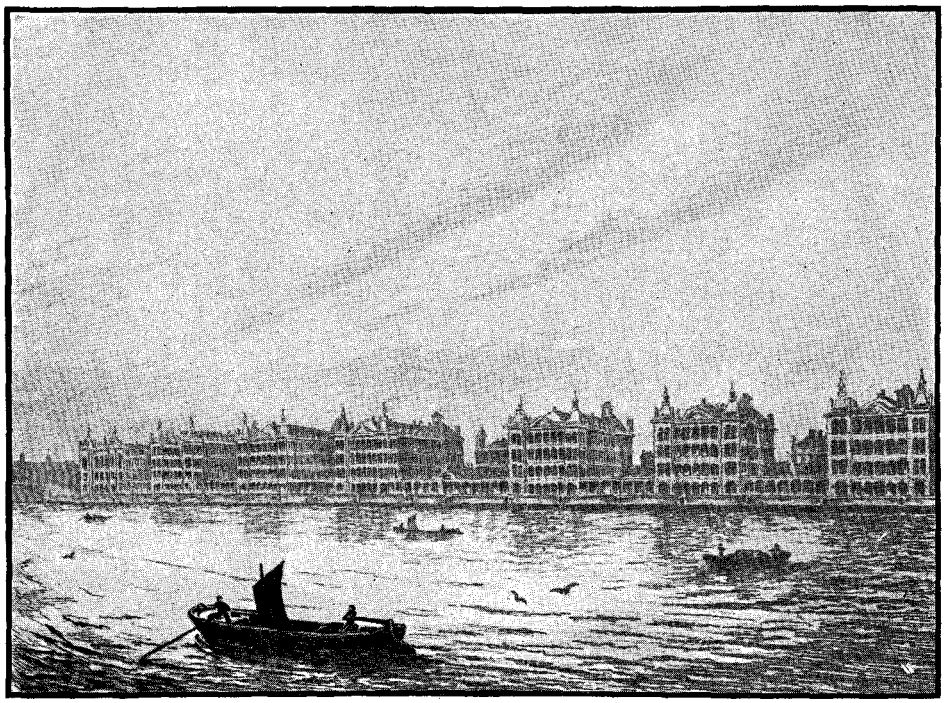

ST. THOMAS'S HOSPITAL

northern and western countries, account for this fact.

But from the earliest times medicine and surgery among the Germanic nations were almost entirely in the hands of the women. It was beneath the dignity of the iron man of those days to care for the weakly and ailing, and the art of healing fell naturally to those who were more gentle and compassionate. In the old Scandinavian and Germanic songs and sagas it is the women who tend the wounded, bewail the dying, and mourn the dead. They were the physicians and surgeons and nurses of the sick. The wise women knew all the herbs, times, and signs in sickness; it was they who prepared, with mysterious rites, all drugs, as well as charms and love philters; even the Valkyries, who bore the dead heroes to Valhalla, were maidens. Not until monasteries became general were men much concerned in the art of healing. Then the cloisters became peaceful refuges for all who were in distress.

Old chronicles say: "Those that were received into them confessed and communicated; they were then regarded as the masters of the house, and the monks became their servants. For, from the time of Charlemagne, there arose along the main routes leading to the famous shrines of Rome and Palestine hospices for the shelter and succor of pilgrims. The famous Hospice of St. Bernard, in Switzerland, which exists to this day, was established for this purpose in 980. In Rome and Jerusalem numbers were built for their reception, many being specially founded for particular nations, by pious princes and merchants, until, pilgrimages becoming more rare and taverns more plentiful, these hospices became veritable hostelries, or else hospitals for the sick. It was from small hospices such as these that the three great Orders of mediæval nursing knighthoods sprang—the Lazarists, the Johnnites Order of the Hospital Brothers of Our Lady, and the German Order. Originally the wardens of these small hospices, they gradually increased in wealth and power during the Crusades, became neglectful of their duties, wholly given over to battle and intrigue, to jousts, tournaments, and feasts, and, in continual feud with the brothers of rival orders, their arrogant and licentious lives were a striking contrast to their original vows of poverty and chastity.

Far greater than that of the boastful knights was the unostentatious work

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A TYPICAL ENGLISH MATRON

performed by the religious orders of monks and nuns, such as the Franciscans, the Augustinians, or the Hospital Sisters of St. Catherine and of St. Elizabeth, who were specially devoted to nursing. In the times of great plagues, when all fled, it was they who remained steadfastly at their posts, dying among the sufferers they tended, faithful to their calling, a truly noble example for all future generations of nurses. When, during the Crusades, the terrible scourge of leprosy spread through Europe, the unhappy lepers, outcasts of society, victims of a loathsome disease sanctified in Christian eyes by the frequent reference made to it in the Bible, became the special objects of Christian charity. Houses for their reception were soon founded, and increased with such rapidity that when Louis VIII. of France, at his death in 1225, left a hundred scudi to every leper house in his kingdom, it was found that there were no less than two thousand of them in France alone. They were known as leper or lazar houses, and were placed under the protection of St. Lazarus; so the knights who joined together for their special aid were known as the Knights of St. Lazarus, or Lazarites. They consisted originally of knights who had contracted leprosy in the East, and now aided their fellow-sufferers to the best of their abilities.

Gradually, however, they were joined by others, and eventually shared in the degeneration of all mediæval knighthoods. But the nursing of lepers was not confined only to the Lazarists. Many noble ladies and men of good birth, without actually joining any brotherhood, gave their lives and their services for the benefit of these wretched beings, whose misery was augmented by the popular belief of the Middle Ages, that their physical infirmities were the direct result of their moral depravity.

In all probability, it was not only lepers

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A TYPICAL ENGLISH NURSE

who were received in the lazar houses, but many others who were afflicted with repulsive and incurable diseases, not too carefully classified in those days. And as during the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries leprosy died out, the empty houses were converted by the State into general hospitals, which often long retained their original name. Indeed, in Germany the military hospitals are to this day called lazar houses.

A great impulse was given to sick nursing by Pope Innocent III., who bestowed much attention upon the subject, and at the beginning of the fifteenth century founded the great Hospital of St. Spirito at Rome, and placed it in the hands of Guy de Montpellier, founder of the Nursing Order of the Holy Ghost, who, with his assistants, took charge thereof. Modified as to its arrangements to meet modern views, it remains to this day one of the most justly celebrated monuments of its time. Numbers of hospitals were built after its pattern, and in Germany many still bear the name of the Holy Ghost, after their great prototype. It is only just to mention the magnificent hospitals founded by the Mussulmans during the Middle Ages. The most celebrated is that built at Cairo in the year 1283, on which an enormous sum was expended yearly. The description of its Oriental splendor is almost unequaled.

The first nursing order bearing a distinctly secular character was that of the Sisters of Mercy, whose name will ever be connected with St. Vincent de Paul. The son of a poor shepherd, he was taught compassion by personal suffering, and in his work among the sick poor he chiefly turned his attention to their bodily needs. Seeing the impossibility of nursing them successfully in their wretched homes, or hospitals by religious Sisters strictly bound by religious vows, he gave the

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ELIZABETH FRY

FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE

impulse to modern secular nursing when he wrote that the Sisters of Mercy should have "no monasteries but the house of the sick, no cells but a hired room, no cloisters but the streets of the town and the wards of the hospitals, no inclosure but obedience, and for convent bars only the fear of God. For a veil they have a holy and perfect modesty, and while they keep themselves from the infection of vice, they sow the seeds of virtue wherever they turn their steps." All hospitals in France were soon given into their charge, and the nursing abroad is still largely carried on by the Sisters of Mercy.

None the less, the civil hospitals in France had fallen into a terrible condition towards the close of the last century. In 1784 the state of the patients in the Hôtel Dieu is described as frightful. Hospitals had become veritable pest-houses, to which the unhappy people were dragged only to suffer every torture that could be inflicted by callous indifference and ignorance. It is stated that in the Hôtel Dieu only one bed was provided for every eight patients, of whom four were laid on the floor and four in a bed. Every six hours those on the floor changed places with those in the bed. What wonder that hospital fevers and pyæmia raged in these wards, that they became a nidus for epidemics, and that the very word hospital came into such disrepute that the men of the Revolution proscribed it and substituted that of "hospice."

I can give no better idea of the evolution of nursing in England than by tracing very briefly from its foundation the history of the oldest hospital in London—that of St. Bartholomew in Smithfield, of which I had the honor to be matron from 1881 to 1887. This hospital was founded more than seven centuries ago by Rahere, a man known in his youth as the jester or minstrel of Henry II., but "who becoming," according to an old chronicle, "mercifully converted from the error of his ways, determined to make a pilgrimage to Rome, coveting in so great labour to do the worthy fruits of penance. And while he tarried there in that meanwhile, he began to be vexed with grievous sickness, and his dolours, little and little taking their increase, he drew to the extreme of life, the while dreading within himself that he had not still for his sins satisfied God. Therefore, he supposed, God took vengeance of him for his sins amongst outlandish people."

It will be here observed that even at that early date our insular prejudices were fully developed; therefore he avowed that "if health God would him grant that he

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might return to his country, he would make a Hospital in recreation of poor men, and to them so there gathered, necessaries minister after his power." Rahere was now warned in a vision by the blessed Saint Bartholomew that the hospital was to be dedicated to him, and to choose for its site "a place in the suburbs of London at Smithfield."

On his return to London Rahere obeyed these behests, and founded the Priory and Hospital of St. Bartholomew, about the year 1123, becoming himself the first prior. To assist him in his work he had a staff of one master, eight brothers, and four sisters. The master was an old man, Alfun by name, "to whom was," as the MS. states, "sad age and sadness of age, with experience of long time." His chief duties consisted in begging provision and other necessaries for the Priory and Hospital, thus supplementing, without doubt in a very useful manner, the gifts which were obtained through preaching and the fame of the miracles performed in the church. We hear, for instance, of "a man who was a paralytic for many years being taken in a basket to the altar of the new church, and recovering the use of his limbs." Again: "A woman's tongue could not be contained in her mouth. Rahere touched it with relics and painted it with holy water, and within the same hour it went back between her teeth." It is not stated, however, how long it remained there! Many other miracles are related by the good monk, but these will suffice to show at what an early period of English history St. Bartholomew's became famous for gifts of healing. Rahere died about the year 1144, and was buried in his own church, of which, however, only a part—the choir—remains. The inscription on his tomb is significant of the great work that he did when he covered the marshy ground of Smithfield "with beautiful buildings for the worship and praise of God, and good deeds to men," "He will comfort all her waste places; and he will make her wilderness like Eden, and her desert like the garden of the Lord; joy and gladness shall be found therein, thanksgiving, and the voice of melody."

The hospital was supplied with nurses by the Augustinian order until the Reformation. After the downfall of the monastic institutions in England, the charge of the hospitals in London was given by Henry VIII. to the municipal body, and St. Bartholomew's among them, and it was endowed with sufficient of its former possessions to maintain a hundred poor men and women, who were waited upon by a matron and twelve women under her to make the beds and to wash and attend upon the inmates. Their salaries were not excessive, the matron receiving only £2 6s. 8d. and each of the women forty shillings yearly, although the clerk, in his usual account of the expenditure of the hospital, speaks feelingly of the "excessive price of all things." In those far-off days society journals were not in vogue; nevertheless, scandal was not altogether a thing unknown. Writing in refutation of some accusation made against the hospital, the governing body says: "The wickedness of report at this day, good reader, is grown to such rankness, that nothing almost is able to defend itself against the venom thereof; but that, either with open slander or privy whispering, it shall be so undermined that it shall neither have the good success which otherwise it might; nay, the thanks which for the worthyness it ought."

ROYAL RED CROSS
The Highest Decoration conferred by Queen Victoria on Army Nurses.

In 1557 the rules were drawn up for the nursing staff, and they were so comprehensive that some of them are in use to this day. The rules for officers and attendants most carefully provide against any idleness on the part of the Sisters. "The matron shall see that they have flax for spinning and other manner of work, to avoid idleness and be profitable to the poor patients."

Likewise, the Sisters are admonished to "as much as in them lies, avoid and

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shun the company and conversation of all men." We hear complaints against the severity of hospital discipline even in these days, but in the past it was far more rigid. The beadles, or porters, who had to maintain order in the wards are bidden: "And whatsoever poor person shall be found a swearer, or an irreverent user of his mouth towards God, or a contemner of the matron or other officers of the house, or shall refuse to go to bed at the lawful hours appointed him, shall be punished, after one warning given, in the stocks;" and "they are further to declare his folly to the Almoners, that they may mete out further punishment to the offender." Further, "no patient who was declared healed by the physicians of the hospital was permitted to question their sentence," for if the beadles found any patient who had been healed in the hospital "begging alms, or counterfeiting any disease, they shall immediately commit him to a cage, and give knowledge to the governors of the house." Woe to the unhappy man who had been pronounced a "perfect cure," and who had the audacity to have a relapse after he had left the hospital!

It would take too long to enumerate the roll-call of illustrious names, celebrated in medicine or surgery, who have been connected with St. Bartholomew's. That there were many devoted Sisters, working under these great men, who were individually good nurses according to their lights, none will deny. Self-taught, self-educated, having to do with rougher times and rougher treatment than ours, they were, nevertheless, often unwearied in their attention to the sick and hard-working; they were women who had a large fund of sympathy and tenderness for their patients, but whose individual efforts, not being based on scientific principles, were consequently unequal and uncertain. Yet it is a fact that one must own with regret that nurses, as a class, in past days deservedly gained for themselves a most unsavory reputation. The "Sairey Gamp" and "Betsey Prig" of Dickens, clothed in "bombazine" and redolent of gin, were by no means creatures of his own imagination, but distinct types, graphically portrayed, of women who were actually in existence, and who had stamped the profession of nursing with contempt and ridicule, instilling into the minds of the public an instinctive antipathy to hospitals, infirmaries, and workhouses, and which will take the combined forces of knowledge, sympathy, and refinement years to eradicate.

But in our generation there awoke again in England the old feeling that had slept for centuries, that it was a woman's *privilege* to nurse the sick, that the noblest and purest woman could devote herself without hesitation to a profession that was not derogatory to her womanhood, but only called forth its highest and brightest qualities, and ranged her as the competent assistant of men of science in their ceaseless combat with ignorance, disease, and death.

On January 25, 1800, was born, in the picturesque little town of Braunfels, in northern Germany, a woman child who was named Frederica, and who, twenty-eight years later, became the wife of Theodor Fliedner, of Kaiserswerth. Lengthy chronicles of her daily life are extant that paint a career of daily courage and patience which make great results seem natural. Possessed of that happy nature which instinctively carries out the text, "Whatever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might," Frederica was unconsciously charitable and unselfish, working for others from infancy till her early death at the age of forty-two with a fervor and faith that never wavered in the course of action which she conceived to be her duty. In her deep religious feeling there was nothing ecstatic; in her clear, well-balanced mind thought always led to action of an extremely practical nature. No duty seemed small to her, no work that wanted doing impossible. And, best of all, when the work was done she could whole-heartedly thank her Creator for having brought it to pass, while she herself—far too simple and busy for vanity—turned to the next thing. She began her publicly beneficent career in an asylum for orphans and destitute children, in Oberdyk, where she worked earnestly for two years; but it was not until after her marriage with Theodor Fliedner, a man whose humanity equaled her own, that she realized the terrible state of nursing conditions. She pondered whether it would not be possible to reform them in her own district by

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forming a society of Protestant Sisters, in which girls should be trained for their work, centered round a Mother, to be held *morally* responsible for the welfare of their patients and their own course of action, and yet lose none of the personal purity of their womanhood. This was at the time a subject to be well weighed; the horrors of some of the hospitals of the day, their filth and indecency, can scarcely be exaggerated. Civic authorities (composed of men) seemed habitually indifferent or careless to their disorder, and any girl thrown for training into such a den could scarcely fail to deteriorate. Frederica pondered; with her thought always meant action. She had no money, but in 1836, on the 20th of April, she bought herself a house with borrowed capital, and, in opposition to the Mayor and the people of Kaiserswerth—who were afraid of having a hospital near by—arranged all preliminaries, and received her first patient on the 16th of October. Whether the professional nursing of that patient would meet with to-day's approval I cannot tell. At all events, he was kept clean—and that was a great step forward. On the 20th of October the first Deaconess-Sister arrived, "and who," writes her chronicler, "was happier than our dear Mother? Fifty times a day she would run from vicarage to hospital and from hospital to vicarage, carrying necessary articles for domestic and culinary use, with indefatigable energy arranging rooms and beds, etc." Work was joy to her, and one kind as welcome as another.

The organization progressed with unexpected rapidity. Probationers came from distant parts of Germany; among them, in 1839, two fine girls in the pretty national dress of Suabia. They entered the room just as Frederica was busy bathing her children. She was so delighted with them, history tells us, that she left the child sitting in its bath and carried them off to her husband as "a fruit of the seed he had sowed during a journey through South Germany," during which he had endeavored to animate respectable German Protestants into entering upon the task of sick nursing. One of the Suabians was Sophia Wagner, who eventually reigned in Kaiserswerth Hospital for forty years as Sister Superior. She is described as a "pillar of the work."

Thus to Frederica Fliedner, the beloved Frau Pastorinn of Kaiserswerth on the Rhine, must justly be awarded the credit of initiating the system of training women on a well-defined moral basis in the practical care of the sick; and the great work accomplished by her in her short span of life is extending its beneficence in our own day over the whole face of the earth.

In 1840 our own great Elizabeth Fry, a pioneer of trained nursing in England, visited Kaiserswerth, and expressed private and public satisfaction with the work and organization of the young Deaconess Sisterhood; and as Elizabeth Fry was an authority of her times, her opinion increased the popularity of the new nursing system.

In 1843 Frederica Fliedner fell ill, and faced death fearlessly. On the last page in her diary, which has happily been preserved, there are words which read like the farewell reflections of a beautiful spirit pluming its wings for flight. ". . . Rest and peace," she writes, among other things, "are not to be thought of in this world. Above in our Fatherland is the heritage."

During the year 1851 Miss Florence Nightingale, already a great practical philanthropist, spent some months with the Deaconesses at Kaiserswerth studying their system of work, and the results of her magnificent labors in relation to nursing are the heritage of humanity. It is Florence Nightingale who has given to the nursing world practical, tangible laws, who, in her broad-minded and unanswerable works on nursing and hygiene, laid down the laws and principles of nursing too clearly to be refuted, and who founded a school for the training of nurses in connection with St. Thomas's Hospital, London, in 1860, which led the way from the maze of good intentions to the clear path of practical usefulness, instituting nursing as a profession, on a scientific basis, peculiarly adapted for women. I emphasize this fact because we are apt to associate the name and fame of Florence Nightingale with army nursing reform, as the result of her splendid efforts during the Crimean War; but it is because she realized and enforced the truth that nursing is not only a technical handicraft but a science that we owe her an inestimable debt.

During the past fifty years an extraordinary advance has been effected in the

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training of nurses, and although we have not yet attained to the establishment of a uniform curriculum, we have at least very definite ideas as to what is required in this direction.

Last year, in a paper read in London at the annual conference of the Matrons' Council of Great Britain and Ireland, I suggested the following standard as desirable of attainment:

1. A minimum standard of professional education.
2. An impartial examination.
3. A registrable diploma of nursing.
4. State registration.

I suggested that for the future the nursing schools in connection with our large hospitals should be organized on a definite collegiate basis; that the course prescribed for pupils should include preliminary education either in existing colleges, or by the institution of preliminary schools attached to the large general hospitals, and the candidates for posts as probationers in hospitals should either present their certificates for the various branches of knowledge necessary, or submit themselves to an examination by the matron and medical staff of the nursing school where they desired to enter.

A preliminary examination in general knowledge should also be passed by all candidates except those who already hold the certificate of an educational examining body.

The preliminary education should include instruction in the domestic arts, practical nursing, theoretical nursing, and nursing ethics. This course having been satisfactorily passed through, a term of three years' training in the wards of a hospital should be fulfilled. At the end of this period, after passing an examination and obtaining a certificate, the nurse should be registered by the State before she is free to take up any branch of nursing work or to devote herself to any specialty which may attract her.

AN ENGLISH ARMY NURSE

If she desires to become a superintendent in the future, a further course of education should be open to her.

To the United States belongs the honor of having first established such a course, and nurses desirous of qualifying themselves for the responsibilities attached to the superintendence of a training-school can now enter for a course of post-graduate instruction in hospital economics at the Teachers' College in connection with Columbia University, New York City.

It is in the United States of America that the greatest progress in the organization of nurses has been attained. The progression of your spacious Republic has a natural impetus from free competition, untrammeled by class patronage and royal favor, and presumably your laws are made for the time and the people, and not enforced by the prejudice of precedent.

In consequence, your development is natural and healthy; our progress is stunted or forced. You sprout up fresh and free in the open, and we are either nipped in the bud or transplanted to gasp under glass. In fact, your American women "do" for themselves; we Britishers are "done for."

We have many perfect nursing machines, but as a professional body our evolution has scarcely begun, although individual nurses have striven passionately—perhaps too passionately—to effect some measure of professional organization.

It was in the year 1887 that I called together a small body of hospital matrons in London, and suggested the formation of a union to be termed the British Nurses' Association, which should seek to obtain a royal charter in order to weld nurses together into a corporate body, with

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powers of self-discipline and mutual assistance; that a register of trained nurses should be compiled and published, and that, in time, an Act of Parliament to legalize and nationalize this system should be obtained. By this means a more efficient standard of education would be attainable, and stricter discipline and control would be exercised over the profession as a whole, and the public would be enabled to distinguish between the trained and the untrained woman.

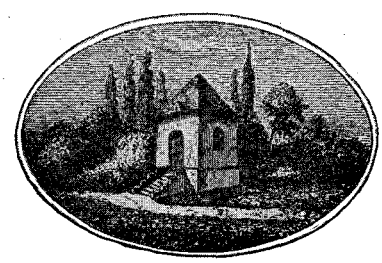
It is a painful fact that these suggestions for the protection of the trained nurse and the public met with bitter opposition upon the part of interested persons. Nurse sweating was then in its zenith; many of our hospitals sent out for high fees semi-trained probationers as "trained nurses," paying the probationers infinitesimal salaries, and reaping an abundant harvest from this commercial transaction. Such institutions naturally objected to the establishment of a public register, on which the names of their untrained workers would not appear. The authorities of other institutions were fearful of any infringement of or interference with their absolute power over their employees, and these poor parasites were powerless.

Nevertheless, the pioneers of nursing reform gained an important privilege in 1893. A royal charter was granted incorporating the Royal British Nurses' Association, which conferred liberal powers of self-government upon trained nurses. Naturally, the women who had worked for and won the charter desired to make use of its powers, but they found themselves face to face with a new difficulty. The nurses had given liberal representation to medical men on the governing body of their Association; their generosity proved their undoing; the members of the medical profession, with a few notable exceptions, were willing to dispense patronage, but proved themselves very unwilling to support professional progress and self-government for nurses. Suffice it to say that, by methods universally condemned by every honorable person in this country, pressure was brought to bear upon dependent nurse members to induce them to vote for the revision of the by-laws, thereby depriving their colleagues of the powers of self-government granted them five years previously, the Privy Council of Great Britain going so far as to deny to the protesting nurses their right to be heard by Council.

For the time being the interests of British nurses, who were the pioneers of nursing reform, have suffered for the general good; for it is satisfactory to know that we stand as a warning to the nurses of the New World, who, in effecting professional organization, have studiously avoided the initial mistake of placing the personal liberty of the trained nurse under the control of medical men.

To advance the higher evolution of the trained nurse, the domination of the doctor and the man must cease when he leaves the sick-room, if nursing is to rank as a recognized profession for educated and reasoning human beings. For the sake of the sick, it is the duty of the people and the State to hold the balance of power between the associated professions of medicine and nursing, so that the economic independence the one of the other, which is so essential to the interests of the body politic, may be maintained as an essential principle.

The evolution of the trained nurse in the future depends upon the evolution of the woman.



FREDERICA FLIEDNER'S COTTAGE

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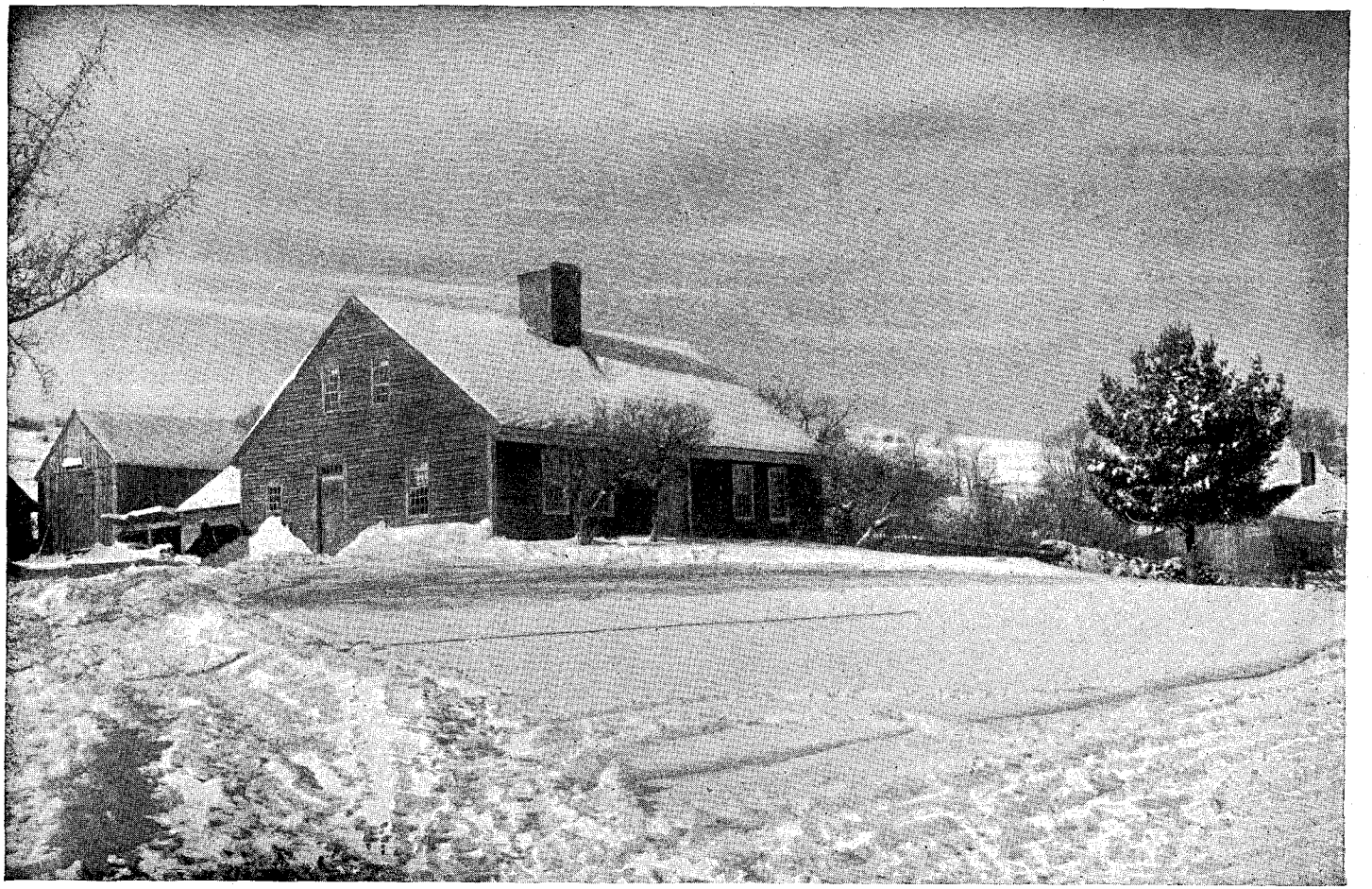

SNOW-BOUND

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SNOW-BOUND

During the long and bitter agitation which preceded the Civil War, and through the four terrible years of struggle, Whittier's spirit shared at times the mood of the Hebrew prophets, and his art reflected the strenuous temper of the time. When the conflict was over and a sudden hush followed the tumult and confusion, the poet's imagination surrendered itself to nearer and more tender inspirations. The "Vanishers," one of the most deeply poetic expressions of his genius, and "The Eternal Goodness," one of the noblest avowals of his faith and aspiration, belong to this period. "Snow-Bound" was written in the same mood of gentle surrender to the nearest and sweetest associations. It is the one enduring idyl of New England rural life; a pastoral of such simplicity, sincerity, and charm that it may safely be counted among the few American classics.

Burns's tender description of "The Cotter's Saturday Night," with which Whittier's poem finds its place, has been, probably, the most widely read work of the great Scotch singer, but is by no means his most characteristic or original creation. His beautiful, pathetic, passionate genius is to be sought in verse of an entirely different character. "Snow-Bound," on the other hand, is not only the most popular but the most deeply poetic of Whittier's works; a thing born in his heart, shaped in his imagination, and touched with his finest art. The *dramatis personæ* were his nearest of kin: his father, mother, brother, sisters, uncle, and aunt; there were also the schoolmaster, who "boarded round," one of the most familiar and characteristic New England figures; and the "not unfeared, half-welcome guest," who brought a touch of the remote and mysterious in endowment and fortune into the quiet farm-house.

"Snow-Bound" ought to be known by heart in every American home because it is one of the few living transcriptions of American life. Read with Emerson's inimitable "Snow-Storm" as a prelude, it brings the very spirit of the New England winter into the imagination, and relights the sacred fire on the old hearthstone.

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HAMILTON W. MABIE.

THE sun that brief December day
Rose cheerless over hills of gray,
And, darkly circled, gave at noon
A sadder light than waning moon.
Slow tracing down the thickening sky
Its mute and ominous prophecy,
A portent seeming less than threat,
It sank from sight before it set.
A chill no coat, however stout,
Of homespun stuff could quite shut out,
A hard, dull bitterness of cold,
That checked, mid-vein, the circling race
Of life-blood in the sharpened face,
The coming of the snow-storm told.
The wind blew east; we heard the roar
Of Ocean on his wintry shore,
And felt the strong pulse throbbing there
Beat with low rhythm our inland air.

Meanwhile we did our nightly chores,—
Brought in the wood from out of doors,
Littered the stalls, and from the mows
Raked down the herd's-grass for the cows:
Heard the horse whinnying for his corn;
And, sharply clashing horn on horn,
Impatient down the stanchion rows
The cattle shake their walnut bows;
While, peering from his early perch
Upon the scaffold's pole of birch,
The cock his crested helmet bent
And down his querulous challenge sent.

Unwarmed by any sunset light,
The gray day darkened into night,
A night made hoary with the swarm
And whirl-dance of the blinding storm,
As zigzag, wavering to and fro,
Crossed and recrossed the wingèd snow:
And ere the early bedtime came
The white drift piled the window-frame,
And through the glass the clothes-line posts
Looked in like tall and sheeted ghosts.

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So all night long the storm roared on:
The morning broke without a sun;
In tiny spherule traced with lines
Of Nature's geometric signs,
In starry flake, and pellicle,
All day the hoary meteor fell;
And, when the second morning shone,
We looked upon a world unknown,
On nothing we could call our own.
Around the glistening wonder bent
The blue walls of the firmament,
No cloud above, no earth below,—
A universe of sky and snow!
The old familiar sights of ours
Took marvelous shapes; strange domes and towers
Rose up where sty or corn-crib stood,
Or garden wall, or belt of wood;
A smooth white mound the brush-pile showed,
A fenceless drift what once was road;
The bridle-post an old man sat
With loose-flung coat and high cocked hat;
The well-curb had a Chinese roof;
And even the long sweep, high aloof,
In its slant splendor, seemed to tell
Of Pisa's leaning miracle.

A prompt, decisive man, no breath
Our father wasted: "Boys, a path!"
Well pleased (for when did farmer boy
Count such a summons less than joy?),
Our buskins on our feet we drew;
With mittened hands, and caps drawn low,
To guard our necks and ears from snow,
We cut the solid whiteness through.
And, where the drift was deepest, made
A tunnel walled and overlaid
With dazzling crystal: we had read
Of rare Aladdin's wondrous cave,
And to our own his name we gave,
With many a wish the luck were ours
To test his lamp's supernal powers.
We reached the barn with merry din,
And roused the prisoned brutes within.
The old horse thrust his long head out,
And grave with wonder gazed about;
The cock his lusty greeting said,
And forth his speckled harem led;
The oxen lashed their tails, and hooked,
And mild reproach of hunger looked;
The hornèd patriarch of the sheep,
Like Egypt's Amun roused from sleep,
Shook his sage head with gesture mute,
And emphasized with stamp of foot.

All day the gusty north-wind bore
The loosening drift its breath before;
Low circling round its southern zone,
The sun through dazzling snow-mist shone.
No church-bell lent its Christian tone
To the savage air, no social smoke
Curled over woods of snow-hung oak.
A solitude made more intense
By dreary-voicèd elements,
The shrieking of the mindless wind,
The moaning tree-boughs swaying blind,
And on the glass the unmeaning beat
Of ghostly finger-tips of sleet.
Beyond the circle of our hearth
No welcome sound of toil or mirth
Unbound the spell, and testified
Of human life and thought outside.
We minded that the sharpest ear
The buried brooklet could not hear,
The music of whose liquid lip
Had been to us companionship,
And, in our lonely life, had grown
To have an almost human tone.

As night drew on, and, from the crest
Of wooded knolls that ridged the west,
The sun, a snow-blown traveler, sank
From sight beneath the smothering bank,
We piled, with care, our nightly stack
Of wood against the chimney-back,—
The oaken log, green, huge, and thick,
And on its top the stout back-stick;
The knotty fore-stick laid apart,
And filled between with curious art
The ragged brush; then, hovering near,
We watched the first red blaze appear,
Heard the sharp crackle, caught the gleam
On whitewashed wall and sagging beam,
Until the old, rude-furnished room
Burst, flower-like, into rosy bloom;
While radiant with a mimic flame
Outside the sparkling drift became,
And through the bare-boughed lilac-tree
Our own warm hearth seemed blazing free.
The crane and pendent trammels showed,
The Turks' heads on the andirons glowed;

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While childish fancy, prompt to tell
The meaning of the miracle,
Whispered the old rhyme: "*Under the tree,*
When fire outdoors burns merrily,
There the witches are making tea."

The moon above the eastern wood
Shone at its full; the hill-range stood
Transfigured in the silver flood,
Its blown snows flashing cold and keen,
Dead white, save where some sharp ravine
Took shadow, or the somber green
Of hemlocks turned to pitchy black
Against the whiteness at their back.
For such a world and such a night
Most fitting that unwarming light,
Which only seemed where'er it fell
To make the coldness visible.

Shut in from all the world without,
We sat the clean-winged hearth about,
Content to let the north-wind roar
In baffled rage at pane and door,
While the red logs before us beat
The frost-line back with tropic heat;
And ever, when a louder blast
Shook beam and rafter as it passed,
The merrier up its roaring draught
The great throat of the chimney laughed;
The house-dog on his paws outspread
Laid to the fire his drowsy head,
The cat's dark silhouette on the wall
A couchant tiger's seemed to fall;
And, for the winter fireside meet,
Between the andirons' straddling feet
The mug of cider simmered slow,
The apples sputtered in a row,
And, close at hand, the basket stood
With nuts from brown October's wood.

. . . . . .

Next morn we wakened with the shout
Of merry voices high and clear;
And saw the teamsters drawing near
To break the drifted highways out.
Down the long hillside treading slow
We saw the half-buried oxen go,
Shaking the snow from heads uptost,
Their straining nostrils white with frost.
Before our door the straggling train
Drew up, an added team to gain.
The elders threshed their hands a-cold,
Passed, with the cider-mug, their jokes
From lip to lip; the younger folks
Down the loose snow-banks, wrestling, rolled,
Then toiled again the cavalcade
O'er windy hill, through clogged ravine,
And woodland paths that wound between
Low drooping pine-boughs winter-weighed.
From every barn a team afoot,
At every house a new recruit,
Where, drawn by nature's subtlest law,
Haply the watchful young man saw
Sweet doorway pictures of the curls
And curious eyes of merry girls,
Lifting their hands in mock defense
Against the snow-ball's compliments,
And reading in each missive tost
The charm with Eden never lost.

We heard once more the sleigh-bells' sound;
And, following where the teamsters led,
The wise old Doctor went his round,
Just pausing at our door to say,
In the brief autocratic way
Of one who, prompt at Duty's call,
Was free to urge her claim on all,
That some poor neighbor sick abed
At night our mother's aid would need.
For, one in generous thought and deed,
What mattered in the sufferer's sight
The Quaker matron's inward light,
The Doctor's mail of Calvin's creed?
All hearts confess the saints elect
Who, twain in faith, in love agree,
And melt not in an acid sect
The Christian pearl of charity!

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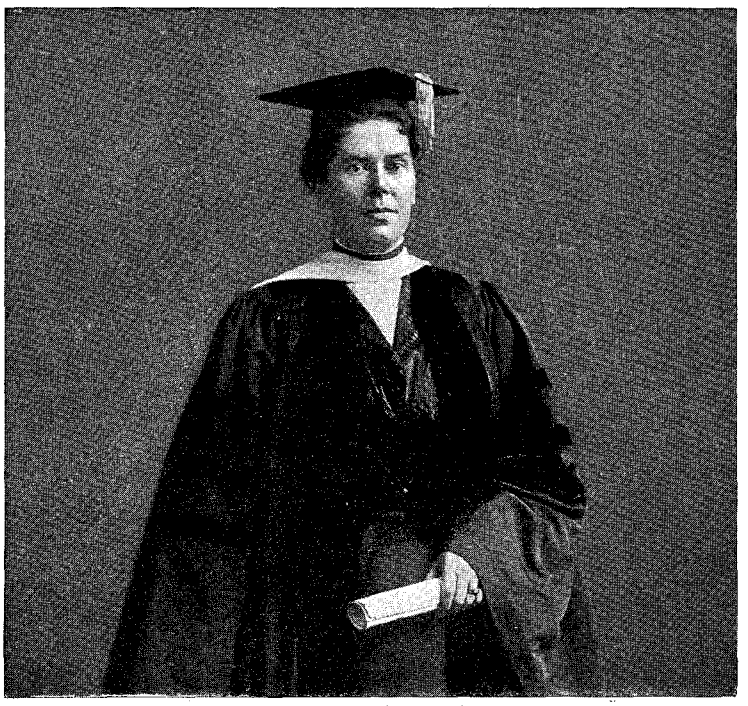

MISS CAROLINE HAZARD, the new President of Wellesley, has never before been directly associated with the College. She is the daughter of Roland Hazard, the woolen manufacturer of Peacedale, R. I., and granddaughter of Roland G. Hazard, of North Kingston, R. I. Her grandfather was well known in his day as a philosopher, and was a personal friend of men such as J. Stuart Mill. Her father was a man of learning and culture, with a wide circle of friends, and "Oakwoods," the home of the family in Peacedale, has always been a center of hospitality for distinguished men of our day. Miss Hazard is not a college-bred woman, but through her father, a member of the Corporation of Brown University, she has been brought into close touch with college life. During her student days she shared the semi-collegiate privileges granted to women by Brown, and was for many years a pupil of Professor Diman, who conducted courses in history for young women. This work laid for her the broad foundation in history which assisted her in producing work of historical as well as literary value. Miss Hazard has traveled extensively in this country and abroad. She is a thorough linguist and a good musician. Her literary work includes: (1) Collecting and editing the philosophical work of her grandfather; (2) the memoirs of Professor Diman; (3) "Thomas Hazard, Son of Robert, called 'College Tom,' a Study of Narragansett in the Eighteenth Century, by his Grandson's Granddaughter"—a work of antiquarian and historical value, drawn from family papers and village records; (4) a volume of Narragansett ballads; (5) a privately printed volume of religious sonnets. She received in June, 1899, the degree of Lit.D. from Brown, and the degree of M.A. from the University of Michigan. In addition to her intellectual training and wide acquaintance with men and women of distinction, Miss Hazard brings to the College considerable executive ability acquired in the management of affairs in Peacedale. Associated with her father in the care of the community which has grown up around his factories, and intrusted with carrying out his plans after his death, Miss Hazard has done much to make the little village of Peacedale the ideal manufacturing village that it is.

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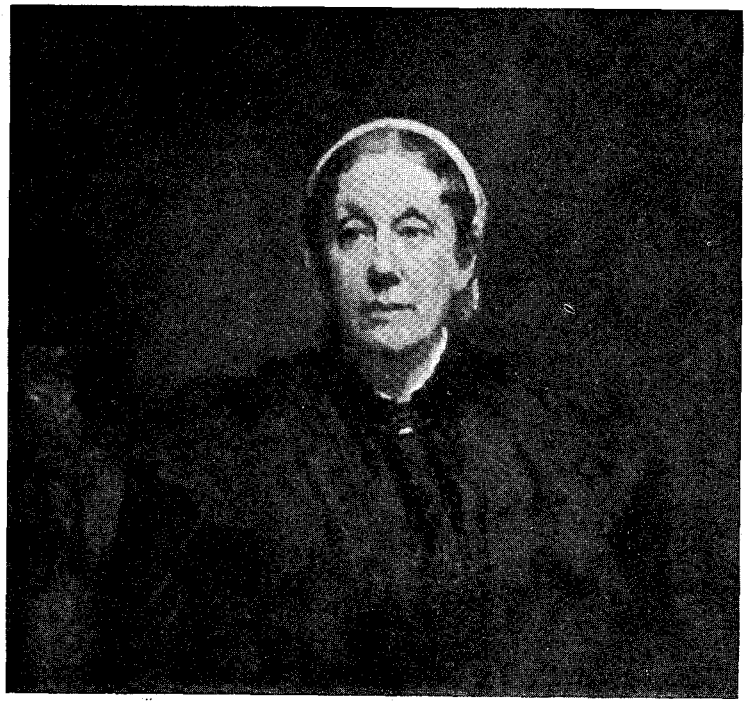

MRS. ELIZABETH C. AGASSIZ, after twenty years of efficient service, has resigned the presidency of Radcliffe College. This cannot be called a surprise, for it is well known that she has had the intention for a long time. The resignation was lately accepted at a meeting of the Corporation called for that special purpose, and it was arranged that Mrs. Agassiz should remain Honorary President, performing those duties to which she might feel inclined. There is to be, therefore, little outward change, and Mrs. Agassiz will remain the representative head of the College. Mrs. Agassiz is widow of the great naturalist, Louis Agassiz, to whom she was married in 1850. Professor Felton, afterwards President of Harvard College, had married a sister of Mrs. Agassiz. Wife of one distinguished professor and sister-in-law of another, related closely to many prominent families of the highest social standing, Mrs. Agassiz has filled a position in the intellectual and social life of Cambridge and Boston second to no one. When the movement which resulted in the founding of Radcliffe College began, Mrs. Agassiz was naturally thought of as one who would have sympathy with it, and she became a member of the group of seven ladies who signed the original circular announcing the opening of courses of study for women under the instructors of Harvard University. From that time to the present, Mrs. Agassiz has been giving her sympathy and counsel to the movement, often at the cost of much personal effort. Her ideas dominated the College. She looked for the development of the perfect gentlewoman, intellectually firm, womanly in every fiber, and without a trace of that unfeminine element which has made some men and some women fear that the higher education of women might end in unsexing them. Mrs. Agassiz has been to the students of Radcliffe College a living example of the cultivation and graciousness that she wished to have them develop. Every graduate has received her diploma from the hands of Mrs. Agassiz, and it is treasured as a constant reminder of the tender relation that existed through four years. That relation will still continue, for the memory of what Mrs. Agassiz is and has been will never fail inside the walls of Radcliffe College nor anywhere that one of its graduates goes.

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Marlowe's Assignment

By J. R. MacMahon

"WHO," said the city editor of the "Daily Blare" to himself, meditatively fingering a greasy and bethumbed postal card—"who shall I give this last assignment to?"

Unquestionably it would have been choicer English to say, "To whom shall I give this last assignment?" But Mr. Screeks, when he communed thus with himself, heeded not the minor elegancies; indeed, he held that, as only the devil and one's self constituted the audience, their employment was no more than affectation and waste of energy.

Moreover, it is well known, a certain license attaches to some. Highly original literary men, poets, and city editors may handle the tongue in a way not permitted to church deacons, restaurant-keepers, and the canaille. King Louis XIV., it will be remembered, imperiously declared: "The State? I am the State!" May not a baker eat his own sweets, then? Or the city editor of the "Daily Blare" construct his sentences as he please? Without doubt.

Let us read the writing on that bethumbed postal card. It appears like a child's chirography, cramped, and all but undecipherable; done in lead-pencil. The date is missing. This is the way it goes:

"Deer editur; Their is a pore copple. Living at 225 Eldridge st, their names is Howerd and they aint got enything to eat only a hering and a cup of milk and they aint got eny fire. Besides they are sick. Seeing what you hav done magnumiously before I hav wrote this, A Nabor

"p. S. Eggscuse pencil. its the second flore front."

Mr. Screeks continued his soliloquy:

"It's Saturday, and I always like to get out a good Sunday paper. Ha! Hm! It looks as if we were going to have a better one than usual. Le'see:—two murder spreads, that diamond robbery, the exclusive special on 'Gilded Vice,' and a lot of good little things. But we haven't hide, hair, or tail of pathos; or didn't until this card came. By George! there's nothing like pathos. Beaker virtually acknowledg d to me the other day I'd raised the circulation of the 'Blare' almost ten per cent., chiefly by pathos. Beaker is a smart fellow for a business manager. Other city editors—Skee, of the 'Morning Din,' for example—have tried to do the same; but they're too coarse; they don't understand pathos. A man doesn't want it fired at him seven times a week with his breakfasts. It becomes tiresome. But for Sunday—"

Mr. Screeks was smoking self-rolled cigarettes; a whiff chanced to float over to the nostrils of the night city editor, who had just arrived and was surveying a pile of copy in a sour manner. The night city editor abhorred cigarettes. He uttered a profane ejaculation.

Mr. Screeks glared in the direction of his subordinate.

"Did you address me, Rotter," he said, in a loud tone.

"Ahem! I was speaking to the boy, Mr. Screeks," replied the night city editor, discreetly.

"Very well," quoth the superior, grimly. Then he regained his composure and went on:

"Pathos, though, needs a pretty good man to do it up right. They're only six" (Mr. Screeks rose to verify visually)—"yes, only six in the office. Rest on assignment or eating. Jevons is emergency, Mitchell is helping him, and Scott'll go on the desk. So McCarthy, Burrows, and Marlowe are left. McCarthy is a bright young man and knows how to hustle; but his taste is poor. Burrows—yes, Burrows has a first-class pathetic style. The trouble with him is he's been getting too familiar since his bills have gone up. He's trying to call me 'Dan,' my Christian name. That can't be allowed. He must be disciplined. I'll give him less work for a few weeks and cut his bills. Then there's only Marlowe left. The devil! Marlowe! He's worse than any of 'em. Funeral of a vagabond at the Water Street mission; said, in effect, it was all hysteria; tramp no good living or dead. Why, even Skee filled a column of the 'Morning Din' with that. Marlowe's got no more pathos in him than Old Subscriber's got sense,

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Doing politics for three years killed him. They say it takes the sentiment out of a man quicker than anything else, except a job like—mine. But who else is there? If I leave the card, that fool Rotter'll tell Jevons to write a couple of sticks without going up at all. I can always tell that faked stuff. No; I'll have to give it to Marlowe—Mr. Marlowe!"

"Immediately, sir," replied the one addressed, rising shirt-sleeved from his desk. He was a dark-haired, broad-shouldered, tall young man, with a resolute face, smooth-shaven.

"Mr. Marlowe," said the city editor, handing the young man the greasy postal card, "here is something a little out of your line; but there's no one else here at present. We need just such a pathetic story to round out the paper to-morrow. Do your best on it. Don't be afraid of the tears, man; it's all space!"

Mr. Screeks smiled at his own jocularity. Marlowe did not smile. Marlowe said, gravely:

"All right, sir," and walked off.

Thereupon Mr. Screeks locked his desk, donned his overcoat, lit another cigarette, and, saying "Good-night" to the office in general, the duty of responding to which salutation fell as always upon the copy-readers, departed.

Now Marlowe, be it said, was only in a small way a cynic. His philosophy of disbelief was not of the knowing kind that embraces the heavens and the earth. It referred chiefly to the things immediately about him. Truly comprehending and treating with them was sufficient. A larger doctrine was at an early stage discarded by Marlowe as impracticable.

When, as a fledgling graduate of an Eastern college, Marlowe came to New York and miraculously got on the reportorial staff of a morning newspaper, he was simple enough to believe that he was entering upon a "career of Journalism," that . . . that he was . . . that, in short, things were nearly what they seemed, and that the sixty-five millions of inhabitants were not mostly fools. If a politician assured him a certain point was of no interest to the public, he acquiesced and omitted such point from his report; if his confrères wanted to "borrow a dollar or two," he counted it a favor to lend; if a beggar solicited him, he gave freely.

Promptly and powerfully operated the opposite experiences. Another reporter printed that paragraph the politician had requested to be suppressed; some of the confrères totally forgot their obligations; and he saw beggars relieved by the police in station-houses of larger sums of money than constituted his weekly earnings. Not to speak of peculiar transactions in the conduct of the "Daily Blare," the whole circuit of existence seemed to have a vocabulary of but two words, synonyms each defining the other—Fraud and Gold. Even Diogenes's trade seemed gone as hopeless.

Marlowe did not immediately, like the majority, "accept the conditions," and pursue the even tenor of his way. He rejected the vocabulary, and had incoherent thoughts of the ministry. The figurative legs being knocked from under this calling also, and the progress of observation continuing, he decided that, after all, his sphere was in essence no worse than the rest, and at least afforded material rewards superior to horse-car driving. Therefore he remained in it.

Gradually and unconsciously he acquired a somewhat impervious and well-polished armor of minor disbelief. He learned the art of smiling. Instead of becoming indignant and denouncing, as before, he smiled. His reproachless attire, patent-leather shoes, and et ceteras, were the still more outward manifestation of his attitude. Conventions that once he loathed he now easily adopted: they were, in any event, decently japanned; respectable humbugs; and preferable to sansculottic innovations.

However, the inevitable time when the smile and the polish became the man had not yet arrived.

The sharp, frosty atmosphere caused each hurrying pedestrian to send forth congealed white streams of vapor from his nostrils. No one who could help it lingered out-of-doors. It was indeed an unfortunate who could not at least slink into a groggery for protection from the biting air. About the steam gratings in Printing-House Square huddled scantily clad newsboys, who with chattering teeth advertised their wares as any one passed. The sidewalks and street pavements were covered with a thin, powdery coat of sand-like snow. Night had fallen, but

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innumerable blinking street lights cast their usual defiance at her. Up in the clear sky the stars shone like rare jewels and the mellow crescent hung artistically in the western slope of the great dome. The celestial beauties and grandeurs, however, are not for the downcast eyes of Babylon.

Marlowe hastened out from the brilliantly illuminated newspaper office. He wore a heavy overcoat, his stomach was filled, and the cold to him was only invigorating. He walked along briskly, took deep breaths, swung his stick, and felt something of an animal contentment. His thoughts were undefined and general, and were chiefly dominated by his comfortable external sensations. Dim sections of disconnected ideas floated lightly like small driftwood on the smooth lake of his mind, but they scarce caused a ripple.

The passengers along Park Row, under the gray iron-work of the elevated road, were much less numerous than on other nights of the week; the mechanics and shop-workers had early received their week's wages and not delayed their homegoing. A few stragglers carrying bundles, and some tipsy nondescripts, were to be seen here and there. The small shops were doing a moderate business, and the saloons of low and lower degree had their quotas of customers. Near Chatham Square was encountered a solitary blue-nosed policeman kicking his feet backward against a door-sill to keep them warm.

The Bowery, Marlowe remarked, was more populated. There were also more lights: saloons, clothing-shops, pawnshops, concert-hall dives, museums, and shooting-galleries, all were in a blaze of gas or electricity. A red-visaged and unclean-looking man stood in front of one of the much-placarded concert halls, and as Marlowe passed, cried out: "Here y'are, Step right in! Lots of sport!" "You're a liar," said Marlowe over his shoulder, with uncertain humor. A little way on, a sailor in the first stages of intoxication inquired of the young man if there was any "fun" to be had thereabouts. "Yes," said Marlowe, pointing; "that druggist sells arsenic." Whereat the sailor shambled on wondering.

Turning into Grand Street, the Sixth Avenue dry-goods region of the East Side, many beshawled women and girls appeared, and ill-clad, thin-faced men—the foreign population. They didn't seem to shiver much: perhaps because of economy of force; perhaps they were too cold to shiver. One woman hurried along with a child in her arms. The baby's face was exposed to the frosty air. Ten years from now the baby would be quite hardy in its way—if it lived.

Past the green lights of the police station in Eldridge Street, Marlowe rapidly went. Tall tenements towered on either hand, with a rare two-story wooden house, relic of former decades, by way of contrast. In summer, passage through the mobs of adults and children blocking street and sidewalk would be difficult; now the human hives contained their own, and the thoroughfare was comparatively deserted. The brisk traveler's footsteps rang on the pavement despite the thin mantle of snow.

No. 225 Eldridge Street proved to be a tenement-house at the corner of Houston Street. Marlowe hesitated a moment, and then dived into the dark hallway. He lighted a match and gingerly ascended the rickety stairs to the "second flore front." He waited briefly on the landing, but heard no sound. He rapped lustily with his gloved knuckles against the door-panel.

A weak, hardly audible voice inside said something that might be interpreted for "Come in." On the East Side one does not expect ceremony or flunkeys; in fact, it is the general custom of visitors to walk in without other announcement than the noise of their entrance. So Marlowe quickly pushed open the door.

The sight that met his gaze considerably differed from his expectation. He was prepared to see the usual squalor—filth, disorder, and a starving cloakmaker and his wife. Marlowe stood mildly astonished.

Except for the lack of space—a single room—this might be a modest home in a country village, the New England kind. Cleanliness to a nice degree was everywhere visible. The floor was covered with shining oilcloth of quiet pattern; the walls were immaculate, and by way of adornment there were a few newspaper lithographs; the one window had spotless, if meager, curtains of muslin; a tiny cook-stove in one corner was well blacked, and upon it sat a correspondingly diminutive brass teakettle, highly burnished; a small

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three-legged pine table with an inexpensive covering stood by the stove; above the table was a white painted cupboard; under the single window was a cot of the size that dealers call "three-quarter"—not large enough for two, but there were two pillows on it, which, with the turned-over sheets, presented an irreproachable appearance of snowy whiteness; the inventory of the furnishings concluded with a leather trunk, two wooden chairs, and a cloth-covered sofa. Light, it should be said, was provided by a gas pipe depending from the ceiling. Not a speck of dirt or fraction of disorder was anywhere to be seen. Such extreme cleanliness and neatness gave Marlowe a flashing recollection of what he had read about the dust-hating Dutch housewives of the time of Diedrich Knickerbocker.

But there were greater objects of attention—the two occupants of the room. A man, attired in faded black, sat in one of the chairs near the cot. He was undersized and small-chested. His face was very thin, and his cheek-bones were sharply defined. His eyes seemed large out of proportion, and were unnaturally bright. His complexion was that unpleasant clayey hue that men wear on their death-beds. A woman half reclined on the sofa. She had on a blue gingham wrapper and cloth slippers. She was rather tall, also thin, but red-faced; and her inflamed eyes indicated weeping. There was in her appearance an undefined suggestion of suffering which the other lacked. Man and woman might be of the same age, forty.

Upon Marlowe's entrance both had looked up, but almost immediately they resumed their former postures: the man with head sunk forward on his chest, as if no concern, of callers or else, existed for them.

"Odd," muttered the visitor, after a minute's silent survey of the room and the couple. Then, as the prospect of standing in the doorway without attention seemed indefinite, he took a step forward and said aloud:

"Is your name Howard?"

The man, to whom the question was addressed, slowly lifted his head, fixed his large, shining eyes on the speaker, and responded, in a low, hollow voice that coincided with his ghastly face:

"That is me."

Marlowe took the unoccupied chair.

"I'm a reporter for the 'Blare,'" said he. "We've been informed that you are in destitute circumstances. I was sent to investigate."

"You—see," whispered the man; and his head returned to its old position.

"Hm," said Marlowe to himself. "Doesn't seem to care a rap. Good's dead. I'll catechise him."

The man answered the questions readily enough, though he spoke so low that there was difficulty in apprehending him.

"What is your trade?"

"Mechanic."

"What kind?'

"General mechanic."

"Where are you from?"

"North Adams."

"Massachusetts?"

"Yes."

"When did you come to New York?"

"Four months ago."

"Why?"

"I had a small shop at home. It was burned up. I thought I could find work here."

"And you found no work?"

"Not a day's."

At this point a sound of partly suppressed sobbing caused Marlowe to turn to the woman.

"Mary," explained the man, calmly, "has a good deal of pain. Two diseases. Unless she takes a certain medicine for one of them three times a day, it makes her cry. She hasn't had any of the medicine for a week."

The wife wiped her red eyes on the sleeve of her wrapper, and sat up erect on the sofa. The spasm of pain had evidently passed.

"Madam," said Marlowe, after a pause, "your husband is also unwell."

"Yes, consumption," sighed the woman.

"And the hospitals?"

"He has been in two. They wouldn't keep him. They said he was incurable."

"And yourself?"

"I applied at several hospitals. They said I was not sick enough."

"Have you the prescription for the medicine you need?"

The woman handed Marlowe a well-worn slip of paper, which he absent-mindedly pocketed. He continued:

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"Haven't you relatives in North Adams who can help you to return there?"

"My folks are all dead. My husband's relatives sent us three dollars a month ago. They wrote it was all they could afford."

"You have a very tidy place here."

"Yes, we try to keep clean. I learned that when I was a girl. Going on my knees to scrub the floor is the hardest, on account of one of my diseases; but my husband helps."

"The furniture?"

"We bought it second hand when we came. We have tried to sell some of the things, but nobody wants them."

"How have you managed to live?"

"Until two weeks ago a society of a church in Eleventh Street gave us a dollar a week. They stopped because they voted not to help any afterwards except members of the congregation."

"I suppose the neighbors assisted?"

"Yes. They have given us a little food, or we should have starved. They are poor, too."

"How about the rent?"

"The landlord s ys he will put us in the street Monday unless we pay him five dollars."

The woman began to sob again for pain.

Marlowe suddenly realized that his heart was not normally placid; there was a peculiar rising in his throat, and his eyes seemed to have more liquid about them than necessary for the purposes of lubrication. Could it be possible, then—his—sympathies—or whatever you call them, were aroused? On a "matter of business," too? He detected himself guiltily. Marlowe, of the "Daily Blare," almost on the point of—well, might as well out with it—almost on the point of making a lachrymose fool of himself. What a circumstance! No cause for it, either. Suffering? Of course there is suffering in the world—unmeasured quantities. Always has been, is, and will be. This is a small part of it. Hard, harsh, certainly. No reason, however, for Marlowe, of the "Daily Blare," to become sentimental.

This to the man, brusquely:

"Why don't you apply to some philanthropic society? It is the business of such societies to attend to just such cases as yours."

The consumptive mechanic coughed—a hollow, racking, bad-sounding cough, before he answered, listlessly:

"I did go to one society. They said we had not lived long enough in the city to receive help."

Marlowe was not unacquainted with red tape. He went on:

"But the Charities Department?"

"They said we were hospital cases."

More red tape.

"There is a fire in the stove."

"The last shovel of coal."

"As to your immediate necessities, I—ah, believe you have a—ah, herring and a cup of milk?"

"That was last night."

"Since then you have eaten—?"

"Nothing."

The pallid, gaunt face of the man sank back to his chest. The woman also, her sad visage furrowed with lines of intermittent agony, returned to her former position. There was such silence that the visitor heard the ticks of his watch. Any painter who could place on canvas that picture of mute, unutterable despair, physical and mental border of Death for man and wife, would know how to move the world. Despair, that has passed the boundaries of mere hope and fear, is a condition the imagination chiefly assigns to the spirits treading the banks of Acheron and the plain of burning marl. Human approach to it is rare and awesome.

Marlowe thought deeply for the space of three silent minutes. A miracle occurred. The scales fell from his eyes. A whole sermon was delivered to him. He caught sight of his patent-leather shoe-tip, he remembered the hearty dinner he had eaten, and he felt a sort of horror against himself. He was horrified at what passed for his intellect, the smooth, well-ordered, but false machine. He would have beaten himself with many stripes. A short while before his outworks were powerfully attacked—and defended; now the citadel voluntarily surrendered.

Softly Marlowe rose from his chair, went out of the room, and descended to the street.

It was a cold night, and no mistake; necessity to button up tightly and put one's hands into pockets. Down the block a way shone the parti-colored globes of a small drug-shop. Thither Marlowe went and had filled out the prescription

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for the mechanic's wife. Then he visited a little grocery across the street, presided over by a stout German woman. Her son and assistant was first of all despatched with a bushel of coal to the second floor of No. 225.

"I know dot man und vife," said the proprietress of the grocery, in approving sympathy. "Dey are—what you call?—deserve."

Assisted by the proprietress, Marlowe managed to make what he thought a wise selection. This is what he purchased: three loaves of bread, two dozen eggs, a quarter of a pound of butter, a quart can of milk, a quarter of a pound of tea, ditto of coffee, an eighth of a pound of salt, ditto of pepper, a dozen oranges, a jar of beef-tea extract, a pound of sugar, two pounds of beefsteak, a can of marmalade. As the bill amounted to $1.89, a basket was gladly loaned to the munificent customer in which to carry away his purchases.

When Marlowe returned to the tenement, he found the grocery-boy had left the bushel of coal in a canvas bag at the head of the stairs. Clutching the bag in one hand and with the basket of provisions in the other, he entered the room of the starving couple. They had not, apparently, moved since he left them. They were still waiting, waiting. They wearily lifted their eyes. They stared.

Like a conjurer Marlowe produced the bottle of medicine, placed it on the little three-legged table, piled the contents of the basket partly on the table and partly on the vacant chair, shook down the fire, put on some coal, and hastened away. As he shut the door behind him he heard weeping which he shrewdly guessed was not caused by pain.

The following Monday afternoon the city editor of the "Daily Blare" called Marlowe up to his desk.

"Ah, Mr. Marlowe," said he, benignantly, "that was a first-class pathetic story of yours yesterday. It was one of the most excellent I ever read. I must compliment you. The best proof of its merit is that two correspondents have sent in ten dollars apiece for the couple. I'll have some one take it to 'em later. Yes, Mr. Marlowe, I didn't know you had it in you to write such a story. It was a revelation. I think I may call you an Artist in Pathos."

"Thank you, Mr. Screeks," said Marlowe.

Nativity

By Marian Alden

How near it seems, that night of long ago,
When Mary waited patient through the slow
And wondrous hours that heralded the day!
How must her yearning soul have reached afar
To draw new courage from the shining star
That hung on high in golden prophecy!
Unconscious millions waited for the thrill
Of one frail baby voice designed to fill,
To guide the world through all eternity.
God sends his strength for bliss, as strength for pain:
Thus when her Lord, her child, was safely lain
Within His manger cradle, ah, we guess
How Mary needed God, to bear the stress
Of utter joy that marked maternity.

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The Church and the Children

By Pauline G. Wiggin

MR. H. D. SEDGWICK, in an interesting article in the October "Atlantic," confidently prophesies the future predominance of the Roman Catholic Church in America. He says:

> There are but three classes of citizens which, as classes, we are sure will not come under her sway: men of scientific knowledge; men of independent character who are resolute to manage their own affairs—a class which is on the wane; and, third, the negroes. Set these classes aside and divide the remainder into thirds. One-third, composed of the educated, will be divided among disagreeing Protestant sects; but the remaining two-thirds will be a great flock, now scattered and wandering, ready for a wise Church to guide.

This Church he believes will be the Roman Catholic. The article has received a good deal of attention, and has naturally met with much opposition, some of which seems just. Mr. Sedgwick has passed very lightly over some strong Protestant claims upon the future, and has ignored some unmistakable signs of weakness in the Catholic Church. For instance, certain sections of her flock, as the farming Portuguese, show a strong tendency to fall away from her ranks, and her gain from country converts is very small in comparison with that of the Methodists; and such facts as these would seem to cast some doubt upon her future. But, on the other hand, there is one point that he has not touched upon which would, I believe, tend to strengthen his argument materially, and it is an interesting point to consider.

I refer to the power of reaching young children and training them into the faith, a power which the Roman Church possesses above all others by virtue of her peculiar organization and her sacraments. This is a matter of greater importance than seems to be commonly recognized. One calls to mind the old Jesuit maxim: "If you give us a child the first seven years of his life, you may do as you like with him afterwards; his religion will be fixed;" and although this is, of course, an exaggeration, it is certain that most persons depend very largely upon their childhood teaching for their religion. This truth the Catholic Church has always recognized more fully than the Protestant, and her advantage in this respect has grown to enormous proportions of late years since the secularization of the schools. The daily recognition of Christianity in the reading of the Bible and in the prayer, slight and perfunctory as it often was, at least kept the facts of religion before the child's mind and gave them a recognized place in his life. Family prayers also used to be a common institution in Protestant homes, whereas now it is a rare one; and the family, unorganized and preoccupied as it so often is with material or purely intellectual interests, cannot now be relied upon to give systematic training. Thus deprived of regular religious teaching both in the school and the home, the Protestant child has now become peculiarly dependent upon the church. And how do the churches meet its need? By an hour's instruction once a week, under teachers who, it must be admitted, are, as a body, incompetent and irresponsible. There are educated and earnest men and women who give their Sunday-school classes the time and thought and faithful work they give to their daily business, but they are very few in comparison with the number of children to be taught. No one could maintain that the average instruction of children in the Protestant religion is as efficient as is their instruction in arithmetic.

Here the Roman Church has a decided superiority. In addition to other advantages, she has at present the strong bulwark of the parochial schools; but this she can hardly hope to retain, for public opinion is against them, even educated Catholic opinion. They are necessarily poor schools and must remain so, for it is not reasonable to suppose that one class of the community, and that often the poorest class, could raise sufficient money to run the complicated educational machinery of our day, and contribute its full share besides to the support of schools that it does not patronize. The parochial schools are doomed by the irrevocable

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sentence of economic law. But without them the Church will still stand strong. In the first place, her services appeal far more than Protestant services to those human faculties, the heart, the imagination, and the senses, which are strongest in children. While the reason sleeps these are alive, making for virtue or vice, for lofty or low ideals and purposes, and determining the springs of action; and the Church which is to be strong must draw from these sources of strength as well as satisfy the reason. If its head should be in the clouds, its feet must rest upon the ground, and this the Catholic Church has always realized to her advantage.

Moreover, the Catholic organization has better means at its disposal than the Protestant denominations for the definite instruction of children in the faith. Its Sunday-schools are more efficient. They are taught, as a rule, by persons especially vowed to the service of religion, who would naturally make better teachers of its tenets than the average willing but otherwise preoccupied persons who take classes in Protestant vestries and chapels; and their very uniforms inspire respect. They spend a larger part of their lives in the service of the ideas they are teaching, and are therefore likely to teach them with more force and conviction, and they do not so often neglect their duties by absenting themselves from school. The religious orders make very good material from which to draw Sunday-school teachers. The instruction, too, is, as a rule, better organized and proceeds in a more regular and orderly manner from year to year; and, if the results do not always seem to us very good when we question our Catholic servant-maids, we should not forget that Protestantism could not any better afford to be judged by the irrational, conflicting notions of its ignorant supporters. We cannot expect a consistent system of philosophy from persons whose opportunities have not fitted them to receive it; no method of instruction could accomplish this; for, as the old Sanscrit epigram has it,

"The pitcher at the well is filled, nor more
Draws at the ocean shore."

But it is a serious matter for consideration whether in Protestant churches the wells of instruction do not oftener than need be run dry before the pitchers are filled.

In all these points the Catholic Church will remain strong after she has lost her parochial schools, and she will have still another source of strength in the institutions of the First Communion and the Confirmation. The Episcopal Church retains the latter, but the great opportunity of the First Communion has been relinquished by all Protestant churches; and any one who knows how much the ceremony stands for in the life of French girls, for instance, how it becomes a season of uplift, not only for themselves but for their families, must feel that it is a serious loss. We need such seasons of special exaltation. Monotony is nowhere the rule of human life; we cannot if we would keep Sunday every day of the week, or Lent all through the year; but, although our souls cannot live in the upper air, now and then they can take a flight into the blue, and it is well for us to have them guided thither, as the Roman Church guides her children through the First Communion and Confirmation, when we are docile, enthusiastic, impressionable. There is, I believe, nothing in the Protestant church organization which fully fills the place of these sacraments.

Such advantages as I have mentioned would undoubtedly make a strong case for the future of any Church, and the lesson should not be ignored. If Mr. Sedgwick's prophecy should eventually be fulfilled, it will be, I believe, largely because the Protestant denominations fail to recognize and meet the increased responsibility for the distinctively spiritual training of young people which has lately fallen upon the churches. It will be because they neglected the children.

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FOR THE LITTLE PEOPLE

A Peep at the Indian Children in Oklahoma

By Ida A. Roff

"GENERAL MILES"

Nine o'clock, and school-bells are ringing everywhere all over this great country. Did you ever stop to think that little Indian girls and boys might be hurrying to get to the kindergarten or to school in time? They go walking, running, hopping, jumping along, and some are riding two and three on one pony. When the teacher looks over her class and finds this one or that one is missing, an Indian policeman is sent to learn the reason.

They are first taught English, and soon learn to sing and talk, though they frequently get things mixed up in a very funny way. Like all children, they have been looking forward to Christmas, and have asked daily, not, "How many days before Christmas?" but, "How many sleeps Christmas?" When they want to ask how many months before vacation, they say, "How many moons vacation?"

During a shower one morning it lightened and thundered quite heavily; the children all stopped work, putting their hands on their heads, and it was some time before the teacher could get them to speak. Finally, "General Miles" said, "The Great Spirit talks." Little Miles was called after General Miles when he visited this reservation three years ago.

Recess is always a noisy, happy time. The larger boys make bows and arrows, which they shoot very dexterously, much to the discomfort of the birds, grasshoppers, rabbits, and prairie dogs. Miles is too small for this sport, and stood watching some chickens. Annie Red Bird happened to come along, and said, "I like to eat them;" to which Miles replied, "I like the chicken's baby best," meaning he liked eggs better.

Little Johnny Humming-Bird is the youngest, and about four years old. His mother thinks he is a very smart boy. She says he can talk two languages—that is, his native Kiowa, and English, which he is learning. All he can say is "Good-morning" and "Alright." It is very funny, because he says "Alright" to any question, whatever you ask, whether it is "What is your name, little boy?" or "How would you like some candy?" Augustus Tall Bird is another of the school-children; his mother is very proud of him, for he can count to one hundred. She says, "To think my boy count! Oh,

EDITH WHITE BUFFALO AND ANNIE RED BIRD

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I was big girl, woman, and could only count ten!"

The minister, who is rather a small man with a reddish beard, is a busy man, is always doing something, hurrying from one place to another. The Indians have given him a name which interpreted is "Little Red Ant." When school was dismissed the other day, Annie, who was barefooted, ran down the path, but suddenly stopped, calling, "Oh, wait a minute! Brother"—mentioning the minister's name—"is biting my toe." Her foot had been stung by a red ant.

ANNIE'S MOTHER AND BROTHER

Civilization is fast pushing into the reservation, and in the last few months the great steam-engine has come. As the train came in to the station it gave an uncommonly long, loud whistle; the kindergartner asked, "What is that, Edith?" Edith was sewing her card, and, without looking up, answered: "I am busy; I haven't time to hear the wagon holler."

Last Sunday, at church, it is sadly true, some good people got very sleepy, and one Indian who was sitting in front was soon nodding. White Buffalo, Edith's father, got right up in the middle of the sermon, walked round in front of the congregation, and gave the sleepy old man a good shaking. Not only did it wake up old Yellow Shirt, but everybody else was wide awake too, for White Buffalo had his eyes wide open, and his ears too.

After all, you see, Indian children are not very different from white children; and you will find that people are very much the same everywhere, whether black, red, or white. Yet it is not strange, for all people are the children of the one God, who has taught them to say, "*Our* Father who art in heaven."

Moving the Animals

Recently the animals in Central Park have been having an exciting time. They have moved from their old to their new houses. The new houses are in the Zoölogical Gardens. Certainly the animals must enjoy the change. Their old home no one expected them to live in permanently; they were mere makeshifts. The new homes are very fine, and large enough for them and their families, even if they included cousins.

The pythons must find life much more pleasant. They have moved from wooden boxes to perfectly ventilated glass boxes, which give them light, and free sight all about them. These pythons measure, one twenty-two feet, the other fifteen. Billy, the smaller one, escaped from his wooden box. As you may imagine, there was great excitement when the care-takers made the discovery. Word was sent to all the men to look for Billy Python. Some were so frightened that they left the Park. At last Billy was found under some old boards where one of the houses was being reconstructed. He was asleep. The animal expert woke Billy up, and as he raised his head lassoed him. This made Billy angry, and he fought and struggled to escape. At last he was conquered and carried back to his box. The next day Billy refused to eat. He sulked, refused to uncoil, and went without food so long as to make all believe he would starve to death. To everybody's joy, one morning Billy was found to be eating his breakfast in a state of good humor—that is, for Billy. Whether Billy had learned that he suffered more than any one else when he refused to eat, no one knows, but this is certain, that when the rope was thrown

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around Billy's head and he was dragged from his wooden box to his new home, he did not resent it. He ate his food and acted as if a glass house was his own familiar abode. His companion is always good-natured.

A Brave Woman

We do not always remember that it requires as much bravery to care for and nurse the soldiers on a field of battle, or in the hospitals near them, as to be a soldier and fight the enemy.

Not long ago, in a city of France, all the soldiers were drawn up on the city plaza. A woman in the habit of a Sister of Charity was called out in front of the Governor-General, and this is what he said:

"Mother Mary Teresa, when you were twenty years of age you received a wound from a cannon-ball while assisting one of the wounded on the field at Balaklava. In 1859 the shell from a mitrailleuse laid you prostrate in the front ranks on the battlefield of Magenta. Since then you have been in Syria, in China, and in Mexico, and if you were not wounded it was not because you have not exposed yourself.

"In 1870 you were taken up in Reischoffen covered with many saber-wounds. Such deeds of heroism you have crowned a few weeks ago with one of the most heroic actions which history records. A grenade fell upon the ambulance which was under your charge—you took up the grenade in your arms; you smiled upon the wounded who looked at you with feelings of dismay; you carried it a distance of eighty meters. On laying it down you noticed that it was going to burst; you threw yourself on the ground; it burst; you were seen covered with blood; but when persons came to your assistance you rose up smiling, as is your wont. You were scarcely recovered from your wound when you returned to the hospital whence I have now summoned you."

Then the General made her kneel down, and, drawing his sword, touched her lightly with it three times on the shoulder, and pinned the Cross of the Legion of Honor on her habit, saying:

"I put upon you the cross of the brave, in the name of the French people and army. No one has gained it by more deeds of heroism, nor by a life so completely spent in self-abnegation for the benefit of your brothers and the service of your country. Soldiers, present arms!"

The troops saluted, the drums and bugles rang out, the air was filled with loud acclamations, and all was jubilation and excitement as Mother Teresa arose, her face suffused with blushes, and asked:

"General, are you done?"

"Yes," said he.

"Then I will go back to the hospital!"

Who Was the Captor?

The policeman was as large as policemen usually are; the lamb as gentle, kind, and harmless as lambs usually are. They met on the lawn, and no one expected that the lamb would subdue the policeman.

This lawn was in front of a police station in the outskirts of New York City. As there is a law against lambs running about city streets, the police tied the lamb to a stake on the lawn.

One day the lamb tried to reach some vines growing on an arbor. In some way it became entangled in the rope by which it was tied, and was in danger of being strangled. A policeman was sent to free it. He got the lamb, who was greatly frightened, out of the vine. As soon as the lamb was free it began running around the policeman, winding the rope about his legs until he was thrown and helpless.

The lamb stood over him bleating. Was it in triumph?

At last the policemen in the station-house discovered the plight of their fellow-officer and rescued him.

Did the lamb arrest the policeman? If he did, was he not most ungrateful?

A Soldier of Four

A very little boy can sometimes be as brave as the bravest soldier. A small boy four years old who lives in the tenement-house district, where nurses are unknown, has been taking care of a little girl three years old, who lives in the same house, to and from school. Each day he went after her, and, taking her by the hand, would cross the streets where the cars run. No matter what happened, he would not let go her hand until school or home was reached.

One day recently they were crossing the street when a wagon turned the corner so quickly that both children were thrown down and injured.

As soon as he was picked up, this brave little man of four said, "Take care of Aggie!" "Take care of Aggie!" And the doctor, to keep him quiet, had to do it.

You see, it is not always necessary to stand behind a gun or face a cannon to prove that one is brave. To bear pain, to be faithful to a trust, is being quite as much the soldier.

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Three Poems of Patriotism

By Rudyard Kipling

These poems are here reprinted in illustration of the editorial "Kipling as a Poet of Patriotism," which is printed on another page of this number of The Outlook.

Recessional

(London "Times," 17 July, 1897.)

God of our fathers, known of old—
  Lord of our far-flung battle-line—
Beneath Whose awful Hand we hold
  Dominion over palm and pine—
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget—lest we forget!

The tumult and the shouting dies—
  The captains and the kings depart—
Still stands Thine ancient Sacrifice,
  An humble and a contrite heart.
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget—lest we forget!

Far-called our navies melt away—
  On dune and headland sinks the fire—
Lo, all our pomp of yesterday
  Is one with Nineveh and Tyre!
Judge of the Nations, spare us yet,
Lest we forget—lest we forget!

If, drunk with sight of power, we loose
  Wild tongues that have not Thee in awe—
Such boasting as the Gentiles use
  Or lesser breeds without the Law—
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget—lest we forget!

For heathen heart that puts her trust
  In reeking tube and iron shard—
All valiant dust that builds on dust,
  And guarding calls not Thee to guard—
For frantic boast and foolish word,
Thy Mercy on Thy People, Lord! Amen.

Bobs

(The Pall Mall Magazine, December, 1893)

There's a little red-faced man,
    Which is Bobs.
Rides the tallest 'orse 'e can,
    Our Bobs.
If it bucks or kicks or rears,
'E can sit for twenty years,
With a smile round both 'is ears—
    Can't yer, Bobs?
. . . . . .
If a limber's slipped a trace,
    'Ook on Bobs.
If a marker's lost 'is place,
    Dress by Bobs.
For 'e's eyes all up 'is coat,
An' a bugle in 'is throat,
An' you will not play the goat
    Under Bobs.

'E's a little down on drink,
    Chaplain Bobs;
But it keeps us outer Clink—
    Don't it, Bobs?

So we will not complain
Tho' 'e's water on the brain,
If 'e leads us straight again—
    Blue-light Bobs.

If you stood 'im on 'is 'ead,
    Father Bobs,
You could spill a quart o' lead
    Outer Bobs.
'E's been at it thirty years,
An-amassin' souveneers
In the way o' slugs an' spears—
    Ain't yer, Bobs?

What 'e does not know o' war,
    Gen'ral Bobs,
You can arst the shop next door—
    Can't they, Bobs?
Oh, 'e's little, but he's wise;
'E's a terror for 'is size,
An'—'e—does—not—advertise—
    Do yer, Bobs?

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Now they've made a bloomin' Lord
Outer Bobs,
Which was but 'is fair reward—
Weren't it, Bobs?
An' 'e'll wear a coronet
Where 'is 'elmet used to set;
But we know you won't forget—
Will yer, Bobs?

Then 'ere's to Bobs Bahadur—
Little Bobs, Bobs, Bobs!
Pocket-Wellin'ton an' *arder*[1]—
Fightin' Bobs, Bobs, Bobs!
This ain't no bloomin' ode,
But you've 'elped the soldier's load,
An' for benefits bestowed,
Bless yer, Bobs!

The Absent-Minded Beggar

This poem was Mr. Kipling's contribution to the fund for the wives and children of the British soldiers in South Africa. The poem was sold to the London "Mail" for £250, and this amount and the sums paid by other papers for the privilege of simultaneous publication were paid into the fund. Large amounts have also been collected in the theaters and concert halls by the reading of "The Absent-Minded Beggar."

I.

When you've shouted "Rule Britannia," when you've sung "God Save the Queen,"
When you've finished killing Kruger with your mouth,
Will you kindly drop a shilling in my little tambourine
For a gentleman in kharki ordered south?
He's an absent-minded beggar, and his weaknesses are great,
But we and Paul must take him as we find him.
He is out on active service, wiping something off a slate,
And he's left a lot of little things behind him.

CHORUS.

Duke's son—cook's son—son of a hundred kings—
Fifty thousand horse and foot going to Table Bay.
Each of 'em doing his country's work (and who's to look after their things?);
Pass the hat for your credit's sake, and pay—pay—pay!

II.

There are girls he married secret, asking no permission to,
For he knew he wouldn't get it if he did.
There is gas and coals and vittles, and the house-rent falling due,
And it's more than rather likely there's a kid.
There are girls he walked with casual; they'll be sorry now he's gone,
For an absent-minded beggar they will find him;
But it ain't the time for sermons with the winter coming on,
We must help the girl that Tommy's left behind him.

Cook's son—duke's son—son of a belted earl;
Son of a Lambeth publican—it's all the same to-day!
Each of 'em doing his country's work (and who's to look after the girl?);
Pass the hat for your credit's sake, and pay—pay—pay!

III.

There are families by thousands, far too proud to beg or speak,
And they'll put their sticks and bedding up the spout;
And they'll live on half o' nothing paid 'em punctual once a week,
'Cause the man that earned the wage is ordered out.
He's an absent-minded beggar, but he heard his country's call,
And his reg'ment didn't need to send to find him;
He chucked his job and joined it! So the job before us all
Is to help the home that Tommy left behind him.

Duke's job—cook's job—gardener, baronet, groom,
Mews or palace or paper-shop—there's some one gone away!
Each of 'em doing his country's work (and who's to look after the room?);
Pass the hat for your credit's sake, and pay—pay—pay!

IV.

Let us manage so as later we can look him in the face,
And tell him—what he'd very much prefer—

[1] And a half.

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That while he saved the empire his employer saved his place,
And his mates (that's you and me) looked out for her.
He's an absent-minded beggar, and he may forget it all;
But we do not want his kiddies to remind him
That we sent 'em to the workhouse while their daddy hammered Paul—
So we'll help the homes our Tommy's left behind him!

Cook's home—duke's home—home of a millionaire
(Fifty thousand horse and foot going to Table Bay!)—
Each of 'em doing his country's work (and what have you to spare?);
Pass the hat for your credit's sake, and pay—pay—pay!

Books of the Week

This report of current literature is supplemented by careful reviews of such books as in the judgment of the editors are of special importance to our readers. The absence of comment in this department in many cases indicates that extended review will be made at a later date. Any of these books will be sent by the publishers of The Outlook, postpaid, to any address on receipt of the published price.

American Annual of Photography, and Photographic Times Almanac for 1900. Edited by Walter E. Woodbury. Over 300 illustrations. The Scovill & Adams Co., New York. 75c.

Arnold, Matthew, Poems by. Introduction by A. C. Benson. (Illustrated.) John Lane, New York. 12mo. 375 pages. $2.50.

Birds, Our Native. By D. Lange. (Illustrated.) The Macmillan Co., New York. 12mo. 162 pages. $1.

This book is probably the first book directed toward the winning of birds to our home grounds and window-sills. There is some valuable information about the birds of the United States and how to identify them.

Booth, Edwin: Miscellaneous Plays. 1 vol. **Shakespearean Plays.** 2 vols. Edited by William Winter. The Penn Publishing Co., Philadelphia. 8vo.

These three volumes are the result of a resolve made a quarter-century ago by Edwin Booth and William Winter to print a Prompt-book containing the Shakespearean and miscellaneous plays which were included in the regular Booth category. These, with original prefaces and notes, are now presented, accompanied by Mr. Winter's revisions and corrections. In this supplementary matter there is quite a mine of wealth, especially for Shakespeare students. It may surprise some who are not Shakespeare students to learn that, in the regular theater, no one Shakespeare play has ever been performed without some curtailment.

Briton and Boer. By Right Hon. James Bryce, M.P., Sydney Brooks, A Diplomat, Dr. F. V. Engelenburg, Karl Blind, Andrew Carnegie, Francis Charmes, Demetrius Boulger, Max Nordau. (Illustrated.) Harper & Bros., New York. 8vo. 251 pages. $1.25.

An indication of Colonel Harvey's control in the publishing house of Messrs. Harper & Brothers may be noted in the appearance of a small book containing nine interesting papers on the British-Boer crisis. These papers have already appeared in the "North American Review," of which Colonel Harvey is the editor. The most weighty of the papers deservedly has first place in the book—that by the Rt. Hon. James Bryce, in which an able attempt is made to do justice to both sides. The contribution of Mr. Sydney Brooks, which follows, is strongly pro-British. His picture of the Boers is evidently taken from the least attractive, physically, mentally, and socially, and, while showing that the Boers are much-to-be-feared fighters, he gives but little place to any changes which civilization may have made among them. As might be expected, Dr. Engelenburg, the editor of the Pretoria "Volksstem," is pro-Boer, as is also Mr. Andrew Carnegie; the latter's main point seems to be that the Dutch, as the more prolific of the two races, will always outnumber the British in South Africa. Mr. Francis Charmes, the foreign editor of the "Revue des Deux Mondes," shows that the Powers can hardly intervene, while M. Demetrius Boulger is equally convinced that they can.

Brownson, Orestes A.: Middle Life, from 1845 to 1855. By Henry F. Brownson. Published by Henry F. Brownson, Detroit, Mich. 8vo. 646 pages. $3.

In the history of the Roman Catholic Church in this country a conspicuous place belongs to Orestes A. Brownson (born 1803), who passed into it from the Unitarianism into which he had come, through Universalism, from Presbyterianism. No individual convert has been a stronger re-enforcement to American Catholicism than Brownson and the "Quarterly Review" which he established. The present volume succeeds one on his early life, and follows his forceful, brilliant career through the decade subsequent to his conversion. The notable movements and personages of the time in Church and State are involved in the narrative and the accompanying correspondence.

Chase, Salmon Portland. By Albert Bushnell Hart. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. 16mo. 465 pages. $1.25.

As might be expected from the author's reputation, this is a historical biography; that is, it treats Mr. Chase purely as a political character and in his relation to and connection with public events; even the portrait of "the man" given in the closing chapter is a portrait of the public man. The volume has the defects of its virtues and the virtues of its defects. Mr. Chase is interesting to the public only as a public man; his personality was not like that of Lincoln, interesting in and of itself. His life is the history of the Civil War and of the anti-slavery agitation which led up to the Civil War, but a history of those events only as they would have been seen by Mr. Chase's close companion, and, let us add, by his warm admirer. This volume must be supplemented by Lothrop's "Life of Seward," for example, in order to get a different point of view. But as a history, written from a personal point of view, it is admirable, so admirable that we cannot but wish that the author would write the political—not the military—history of that epoch in one volume, of, say, double the size of this one, for the general reader.

Drama of Yesterday and To-Day, The. By Clement Scott. (Illustrated.) The Macmillan Co., New York. 2 vols. $8.

These two large volumes are devoted rather to reminiscence than to criticism or disquisition. They cover half a century of the English stage, as Mr. Scott begins his records with the year of his birth, using for the early

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years much interesting material obtained from talks with the actors of a generation before his time. There are innumerable incidents and anecdotes of stage life. In his varied capacities as critic, dramatic author, and playgoer, Mr. Scott has known every one worth knowing in London theatrical life; to name the actors and actresses about whom he gossips would be to give a skeleton history of the English stage for many years. Usually he writes in a sprightly and pleasing style, although for the general reader he sometimes indulges in too many details of the dates of productions, casts, etc. To the student of the drama the book will be of the highest value, on account of its completeness. There are many portraits and full appendices.

Eneid, The Story of the. By Dr. Edward Brooks, A.M. (Illustrated.) The Penn Publishing Co., Philadelphia. 8vo. 366 pages. $1.25.

Ferry Maid of the Chattahoochee, The. By Annie M. Barnes. (Illustrated.) The Penn Publishing Co., Philadelphia. 12mo. 343 pages. $1.25.
The incidents of this story are invented to heighten the effect of the bravery and unselfishness of the "Ferry Maid."

Great Physician and His Power to Heal, The. By E. E. Byrum. Gospel Trumpet Publishing Co., Moundsville, W. Va. 8vo. 97 pages. 50c.

Hawaii and its People. By Alexander S. Twombly. Silver, Burdett & Co., New York. 8vo. 384 pages.
Of the various works that have recently been called forth by our new interests in the Hawaiian Islands this is undoubtedly the best. Dr. Twombly, in his personal acquaintance with the islands and their foremost citizens, has had access to special sources of information concerning the political history. But he has also gone far back of historical times into the early traditions and folk-lore of the native race, whose subsequent fortunes and misfortunes he relates in a narrative embellished with copious illustrations, and seasoned with the native tales of love and war.

Lay Sermons. By Howard W. Tilton. The Doubleday & McClure Co., New York. 173 pages. $1.
These are well worth reading by the man who doesn't go to church, and equally by the man who does. From the editorial room of a city newspaper the preacher speaks to plain people as one of themselves about the common experiences and besetments of daily life. Unconventional and colloquial, his sympathies are broadly human, and his Christianity practical in its care for minor as well as major morals.

Loom of Destiny, The. By Arthur J. Stringer. Small, Maynard & Co., Boston. 208 pages. $1.25.
This is a collection of stories by a man who has a wonderful insight into the minds of children, their temptations, their doubts, their aspirations—especially of the children of tenements. Never have they had such a sympathetic record of their joys and sorrows. These stories are interpretations of child life in the tenements and the streets.

My Lady Barefoot. By Mrs. Evelyn Raymond. (Illustrated.) The Penn Publishing Co., Philadelphia. 12mo. 315 pages. $1.25.

Mythology, A Dictionary of. By John H. Bechtel. The Penn Publishing Co., Philadelphia. 221 pages. 50c.
A small, handy cyclopædia of the characters of Grecian and Roman mythology.

Pennsylvania Stories. By Arthur Hobson Quinn. (Illustrated.) The Penn Publishing Co., Philadelphia. 12mo. 258 pages. $1.25.
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Scott, Sir Walter. By James Hay. A. S. Barnes & Co., New York. 312 pages. $1.50.
This is a purely popular biography which makes no pretense to a new examination of the sources of information, and which disavows any aim to present a formal life of Scott. Mr. Hay declares that he has tried to let those who knew Scott—Lockhart, Skene, Constable, the Ballantynes, Laidlaw, and others—portray the character of the novelist in their own fashion. The book is not very carefully written, and there are points at which some readers at least will find themselves in sharp divergence from the interpretation or judgment of the biographer. But it is impossible to touch the hem of the great and wholesome personality of Scott without being refreshed and invigorated; and this volume brings together within reasonable compass a great deal of the most interesting and significant material.

Sun, The Other Side of the. By Evelyn Sharp. (Illustrated.) John Lane, New York. 12mo. 188 pages. $1.50.
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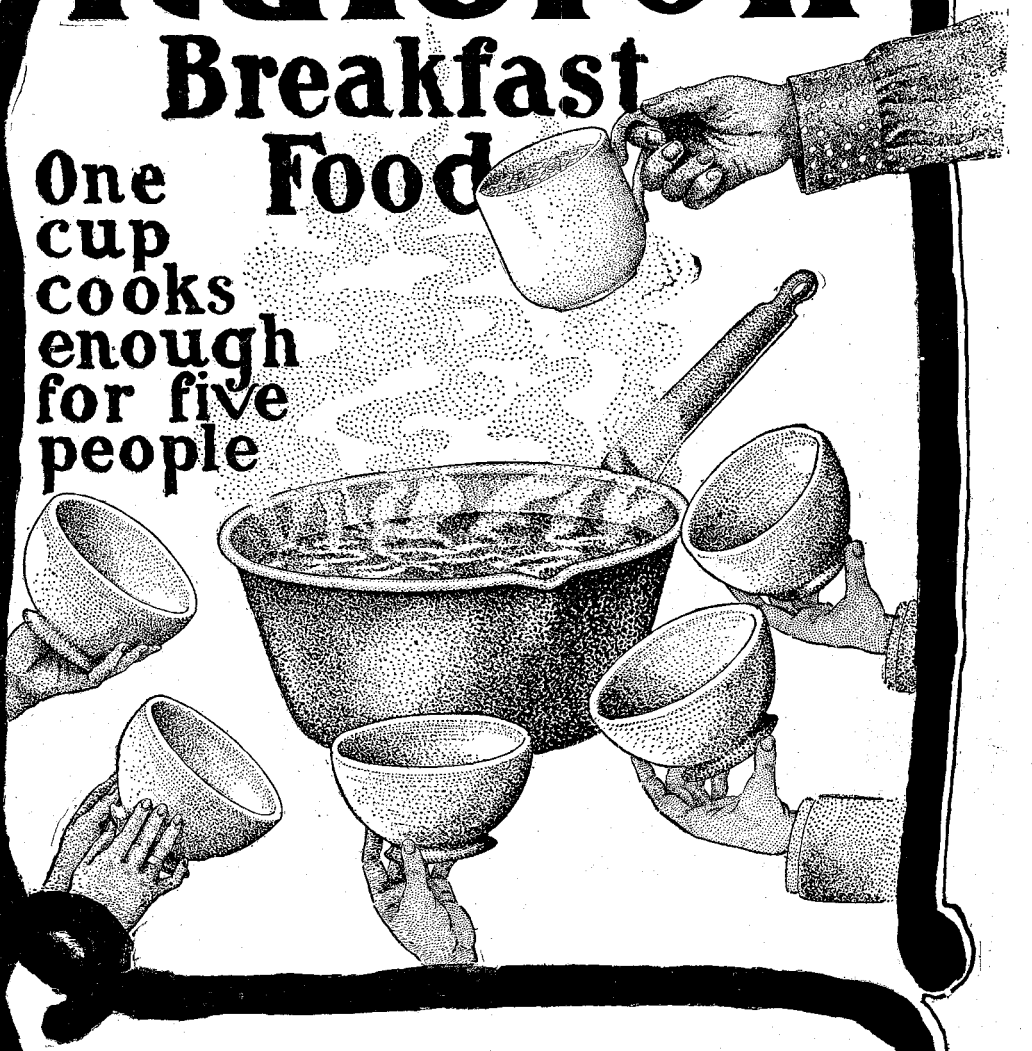

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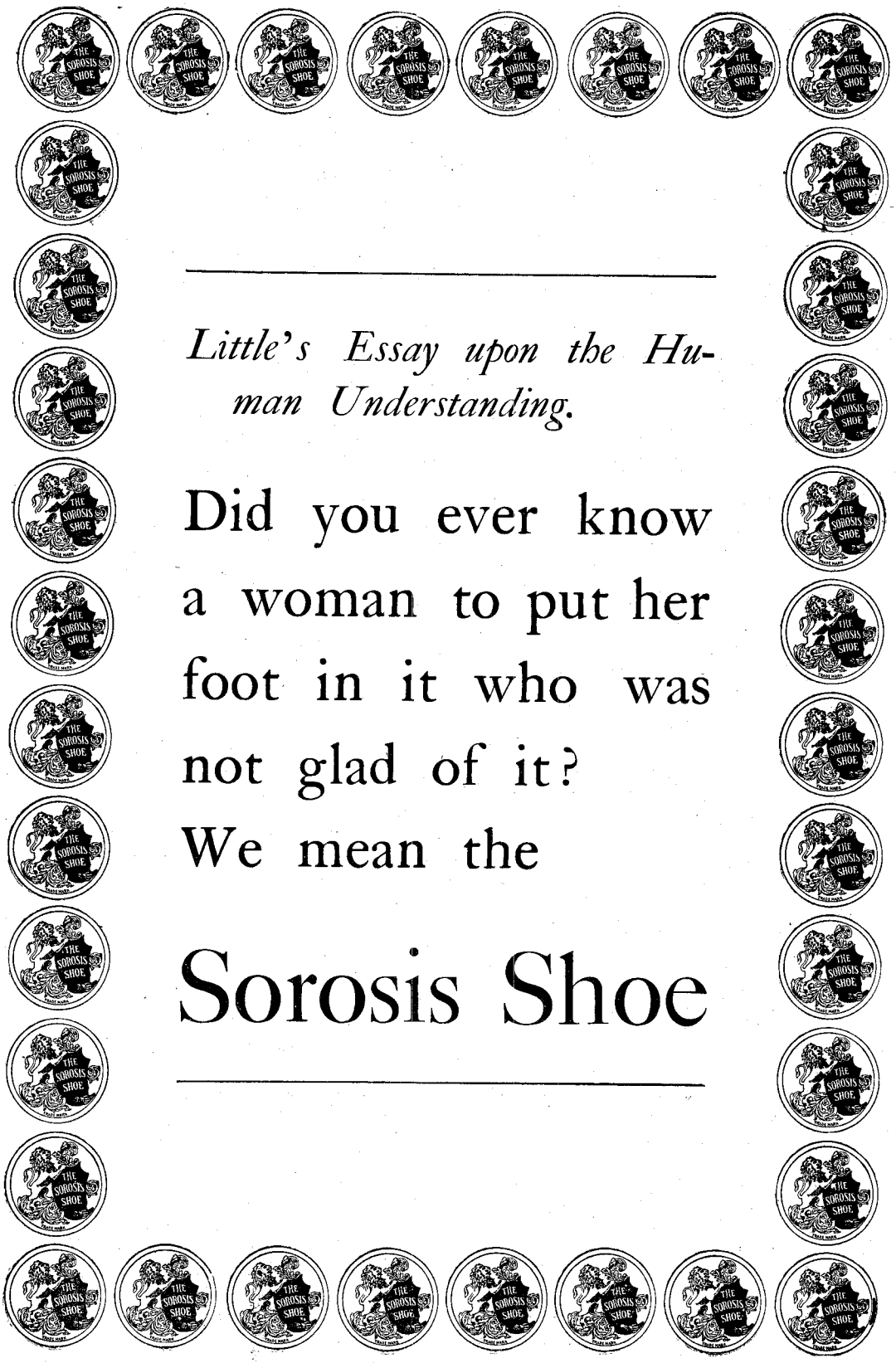

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